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October 29, 1959 25¢

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THE REPORTER

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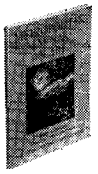
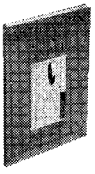
Visual, emotional, intellectual elements. Different forms of "realism" throughout art history.

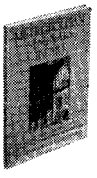


PORTFOLIO 3
EXPRESSIONISM: The Painter and the World He Creates
The modern "expressionist movement." Why certain painters departed from realism. How an understanding of expressionist principles brings new meaning to whole areas of painting.

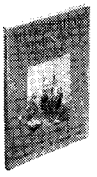


PORTFOLIO 4
ABSTRACTION: The Painter and the World We Never See
Similarities between an old master and an abstract master painting the same subject. Abstract principles that lie beneath realistic surfaces of some famous paintings. How to understand the extreme moderns.

PORTFOLIO 5
COMPOSITION: Pictures as Patterns
Pictorial composition considered in detail. Triple function of composition: decorative, structural, expressive.



PORTFOLIO 6
COMPOSITION: Pictures as Structures
How perspective and related devices "open up" space in *three-dimensional* relationships. An analysis of the composition in twelve famous paintings.



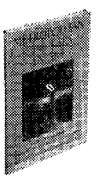
PORTFOLIO 7
COMPOSITION: Arrangement as Expression
Twelve paintings in which composition follows no rules. Composition as a means of telling a story, pointing a moral, expressing mood.

PORTFOLIO 8
TECHNIQUES: Fresco
This and the next two portfolios discuss the medium in which a painter works. Frescoes are discussed, mural paintings of ancient Rome and China.

PORTFOLIO 9
TECHNIQUES: Tempera and Oil
Advantages of tempera. Transition from tempera to oil; its effect in widening the expressive range of painting. Techniques of Titian, Rembrandt, others.

PORTFOLIO 10
TECHNIQUES: Water Color, Pastel and Prints
Various types of prints; Japanese, Chinese, medieval and modern woodcuts — with many examples. Rembrandt etchings; aquatints; lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec and others.

PORTFOLIO 11
THE ARTIST AS A SOCIAL CRITIC
How artists have expressed their ideas, protested against injustice, commented on man's folly and achievements.



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THE ARTIST AS A VISIONARY
Lyric painters among old and modern masters. Raw materials of an artist's visions. Twelve paintings analyzed and clarified from this point of view.

THE IDEA: A well-rounded course of twelve lectures in which the whole family can participate. You learn by comparison among paintings, utilizing 144 large full-color reproductions of great works which supplement the text . . . it is like being conducted through all the world's great museums with experienced lecturers who point out the fundamental things to look for in every painting.

MANY otherwise cultivated persons seem to have a blind spot with respect to painting. They can stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about." Frequently they are unsure of that. If asked to comment, they are tongue-tied and embarrassed. Any person who suffers from this sense of bafflement has usually been completely without guidance *as to what to look for in paintings.* Either he has never had an opportunity to take an art appreciation course in a university, or he has never found it convenient, as an adult, to attend clarifying lecture courses at a museum.

LEARNING BY COMPARISON AMONG PAINTINGS • Both in content and method these lessons constitute something unique in the field of art education. Each lesson comes in the form of a portfolio, the core of which is the lecture. But in each portfolio is a pocket containing twelve large reproductions. *These are provided separately so*

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A REMARKABLE RECORD OF SUCCESS • This fresh approach to art education was launched experimentally about two years ago. To make sure that the unique method of instruction was sound the Museum allowed twenty-five thousand persons—scattered over the country—to take the first lesson, without obligation, under the simple plan outlined above. *Ninety-six percent continued with the full course.* This would be an extraordinary percentage for any series of personally attended art seminars in any museum.

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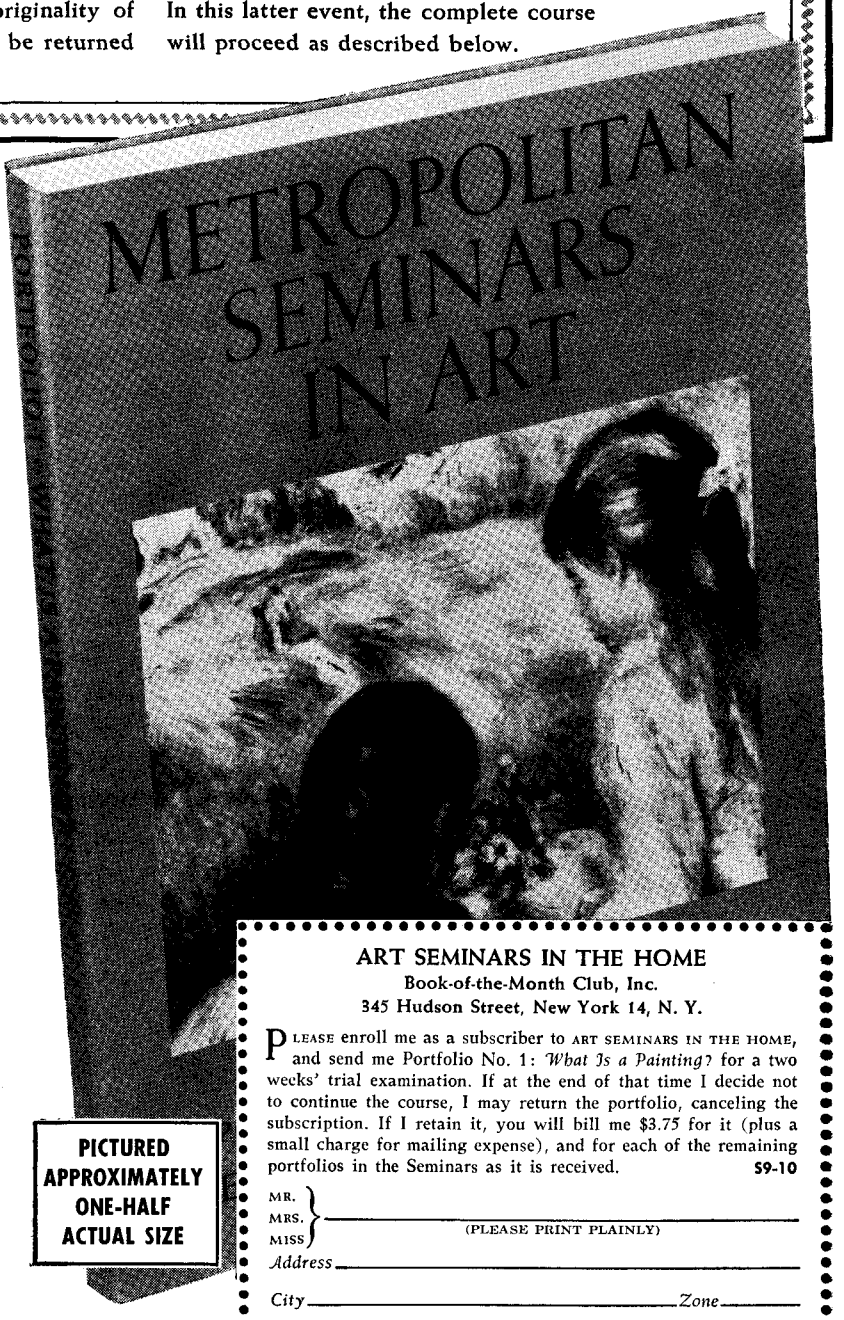

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Quizlings

The most pertinent comment on the current TV scandal appeared in our esteemed contemporary *Time*, some two and a half years ago:

"Are the quiz shows rigged? . . . The answer: the producers of many shows control the outcome as closely as they dare—without collusion with contestants, yet far more effectively than most viewers suspect.

"From the heyday of radio's first spectacular giveaways, quiz producers have stacked the cards to make the game as entertaining as possible. . . . Even the chitchat between contestant and quizmaster on *Twenty One* and *$64,000 Question* is composed and drilled in advance. . . . The big-money shows . . . know that they cannot afford to risk collusion with contestants. Yet, estimates one veteran of such shows, 'you have 70% or 80% control of what happens.' The technique is simple: 'To keep a contestant winning, all you have to do is figure out how not to hit a question he doesn't know. That's the basis of all quiz shows.'"

Note that this article, which went on to show in detail how elaborate "warm-up sessions" enabled the quiz masters to play either to a contestant's strength or his weakness, was published on April 22, 1957. It was not presented as an exposé but as a matter-of-fact report. It is well to keep this in mind if one wants to have a fair perspective on the present commotion, now that it has been determined that there was downright collusion as well as mere "rigging" on many of these shows. For it is only too possible that this commotion will dissipate itself into a hunt for scapegoats, rather than provoke the kind of self-scrutiny that is called for. The case of the hapless Charles Van Doren indicates that something of the sort is already under way.

The blunt truth of the matter is that the difference between a "crooked" and an "honest" quiz show was probably never more than a matter of degree; all such shows assumed, quite correctly, that a complaisant public was more interested in entertainment than in integrity of performance. Not until the bubble burst did it occur to anyone that there was a significant connection between public morals and public entertainment. The networks and the producers were hypnotized by the ratings, and the sponsors regarded the whole thing as simply an exercise in salesmanship anyway. The contestants were eager for money and fame, and only too delighted to abide by "the rules of the game." The public, unused to distinguishing between true and false on TV, sat back and enjoyed the show, which after all cost them nothing. The FCC, which has long regarded its function as helping the networks make money, remained supremely indifferent.

Somehow, the American television industry found itself belly-whopping down a slippery slope, with the public riding blithely on its back. Now we have the moment of truth, shame, and self-recognition. It ought not to be drowned out by the loquacious parade of cardboard heroes, feckless entrepreneurs, passive executives, and repentant polymaths.

THE TRUTH about these TV shows was, of course, bound to leak out sooner or later. Too many people were involved in too many different ways; only desperate men could imagine that the merry-go-round would go on forever. And that, indeed, is the point: the very logic of these programs and of the competition among them—their incessant pursuit of ever more interesting characters who could answer ever more improbable questions, the increasing urgency of the need for more drama,

THE COUNTERFEITERS

But I wonder just what we have been defrauded of. . . . What crime is there in supplying millions of Americans with the entertainment that they very obviously enjoy? . . . What if the shows were rigged?—Letter to the Editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

What crime? No crime. You sell the best you can,
And if the box marked Gold is full of dust,
It glitters none the less for every man
Who thinks it gold. And fraud? The innocent
Cry out to be deceived, so blame their lust
And not the sellers and their increment.

What if the shows were rigged? The sound you hear
Of people laughing comes out of a can,
The man who smokes at you is nowhere near,
But lives on tape and smokes another brand
From what he puffs. (And all that lovely hair
Was never curled by what that bottle holds.)

What crime? No crime. To juggle false and true
To make the false more fun is sleight of hand
Known to all charlatans, and nothing's new
In fooling people. Nothing new, except
In selling them a wrapper labeled Truth
On packages of promises unkept.

—SEC

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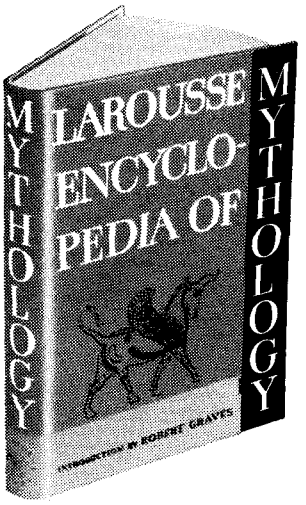

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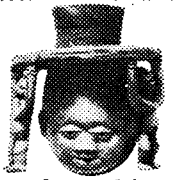

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more human interest, more suspense, more amusement—bred a desperation that led inevitably to self-exposure and self-defeat.

The system that gives rise to such spectacles, unfortunately, is neither self-regulated nor governed by laws that can enforce its operation along lines conducive to the public good. Perhaps the only consolation of the present smelly imbroglio is that it highlights this fact, and directs attention to the possibility of remedying it. It may well be that the quiz scandals of 1959 will be for television what the Black Sox scandals of forty years ago were for baseball.

What is needed is a serious inquiry, either by Congress or the FCC, into the limits that must be set on TV make-believe.

Death of a Prince

Of the ninety-four years of his life, about eighty were spent abroad. Bernard Berenson, who arrived in this country from Lithuania at the age of ten, had a hard time getting through the Boston Latin School and Harvard, for there was very little money in his family. Soon after graduation he went to Europe, and in the truest sense never came back. But long before he died, he saw to it that his villa, his collection of paintings, his library, would become his legacy to Harvard. Whatever Berenson got from Harvard he royally paid back.

B.B., as he came to be called by everybody who knew him, lived to be the protagonist of a unique American success story. He became both a practitioner and a theorist of art criticism. He grew wealthy as well as famous; he left behind a number of books that will be read for a long time to come. Yet his real masterpiece, his unparalleled contribution to culture, was his life.

He was thoroughly a self-made man, but there was nothing freakish or accidental in his process of self-creation. He molded his life according to a historic pattern that he respected to the last detail—in the way he talked, in the style of his writing, down to certain peculiar foibles or mannerisms. He made himself into a New England Brahmin—in a way the last of the Adamses, strikingly resembling in many respects the greatest of them all. Like Henry

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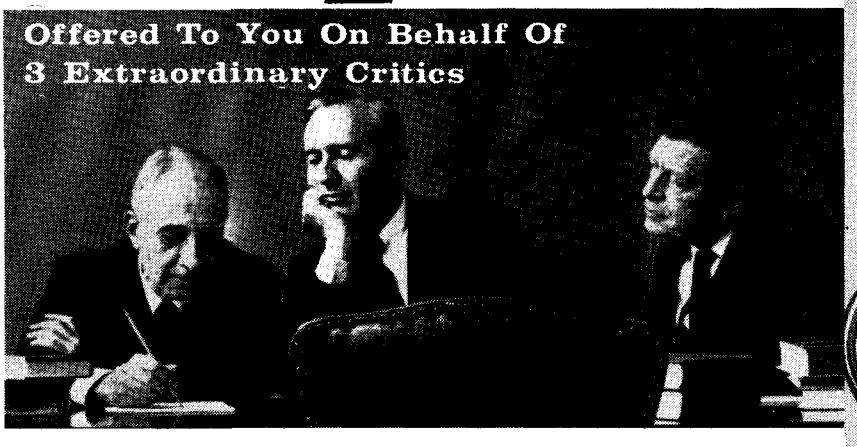

Lionel Trilling, Jacques Barzun, and W. H. Auden have deemed the books on this page important enough to add to their own libraries. You may also enjoy these books and records through membership in a truly literate circle. In fact, you may now have ANY THREE FOR ONLY $1 EACH (two for $1 in the case of dual selections!). What easier way to add distinction to your personal library and pleasure to your reading hours.

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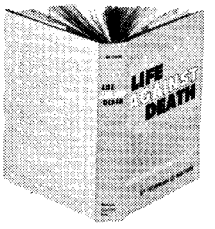

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Adams, he kept searching for failures in his otherwise successful life. His last years were spent writing fragments of what may well be called The Education of B.B.

The remarkable thing is that there never was anything artificial or imitative in this process. It all came from what he used to call his humanism—his extraordinary capacity to assimilate culture with the utmost assiduity and talent, to a point where assimilated culture becomes spontaneous and native. This probably was the secret of his success as an art critic. For B.B. had an extraordinary gift for re-creating a work of art and measuring what he called the tactile value of paintings. But art criticism, after all, was done for the benefit of others as well as himself. His life, on the contrary, was a truly original work of art, created for its own sake.

Of this great expert in authenticity it can be said that his life was undisputably authentic. During his last decades, he lived like a prince of the Renaissance in the very land where the Renaissance reached its most glorious achievements. For he actually *was* a prince. The fact that he was born in a Lithuanian ghetto, with a long rabbinical tradition in his family, was at the same time accidental and auspicious. His love of culture, as B.B. knew quite well, had ancestral roots.

His curiosity about this country, his concern for its culture and growth, never ebbed. He knew what good luck this country had brought him. He also had the good luck to become an American citizen long before the present immigration law was passed. This law does not allow naturalized Americans to live more than five years abroad without losing their citizenship. Had this law applied to B.B., our country's loss would have been great—not to mention the extension of Harvard on the Arno.

These Things Were Said

¶ House Clerk Ralph R. Roberts apparently will escape official censure for going to Indiana in his government-owned Cadillac limousine. Speaker Sam Rayburn (D., Tex.) and Republican leader Charles Halleck (Ind.) declined to pass on the propriety of Mr. Roberts' trip. . . . Though he toured family farms in the limousine, Mr. Roberts said he was on a "partly business" trip, not a vacation. He said he planned to do some buying of supplies for the House of Representatives.—*Vance Trimble in the New York World-Telegram and Sun.*

¶ The bride wore a white silk gown and an eight-foot Mexican scarf. She was attended by a friend carrying a long outdoor torch of the variety used to intimidate mosquitoes at patio parties. The bridegroom, an architect, wore a sports jacket and gray flannel slacks. He, too, was attended by a friend with a torch. There was no minister. The setting was the Temple of the Winds, a non-denominational outdoor chapel erected by the Boynton family. The ceremony was performed to the thump of bongo drums and included an announcement by the bridegroom. He said: "To us, marriage is an attempt to bring two mental universes together."—*Report in the New York Post.*

¶ That's the way it is all over town since that new law came in last Thursday that we can't call ourselves detectives or wear badges any more. They took away all our power. Now you're just John Q. Doe. It undermines your self-confidence. . . . When a man works for a detective agency and he has a badge he feels like somebody. Without it he feels like a nobody. You just feel sort of different all over. . . ."—S. *Alexander Cohen, New York investigator, in the New York World-Telegram and Sun.*

¶ Most French parents think they are doing the right thing by feeding their children underdone steak and red wine, allowing them to pass up spinach and fresh fruit. Little do they suspect that possibly they are building up aggressive egos in their young.—*French scientists Jean Tremoliéres and Jean Claudian.*

¶ I wouldn't want to insult you by imagining that you need my assistance to like Marilyn Monroe. Her marriage has already brought her close to us. There is in each one of us an intellectual that sleeps or vibrates. It cheered a man up to know that the most celebrated star of our times married a writer.—*Film Critic Bernard Frank in the French weekly L'Express.*

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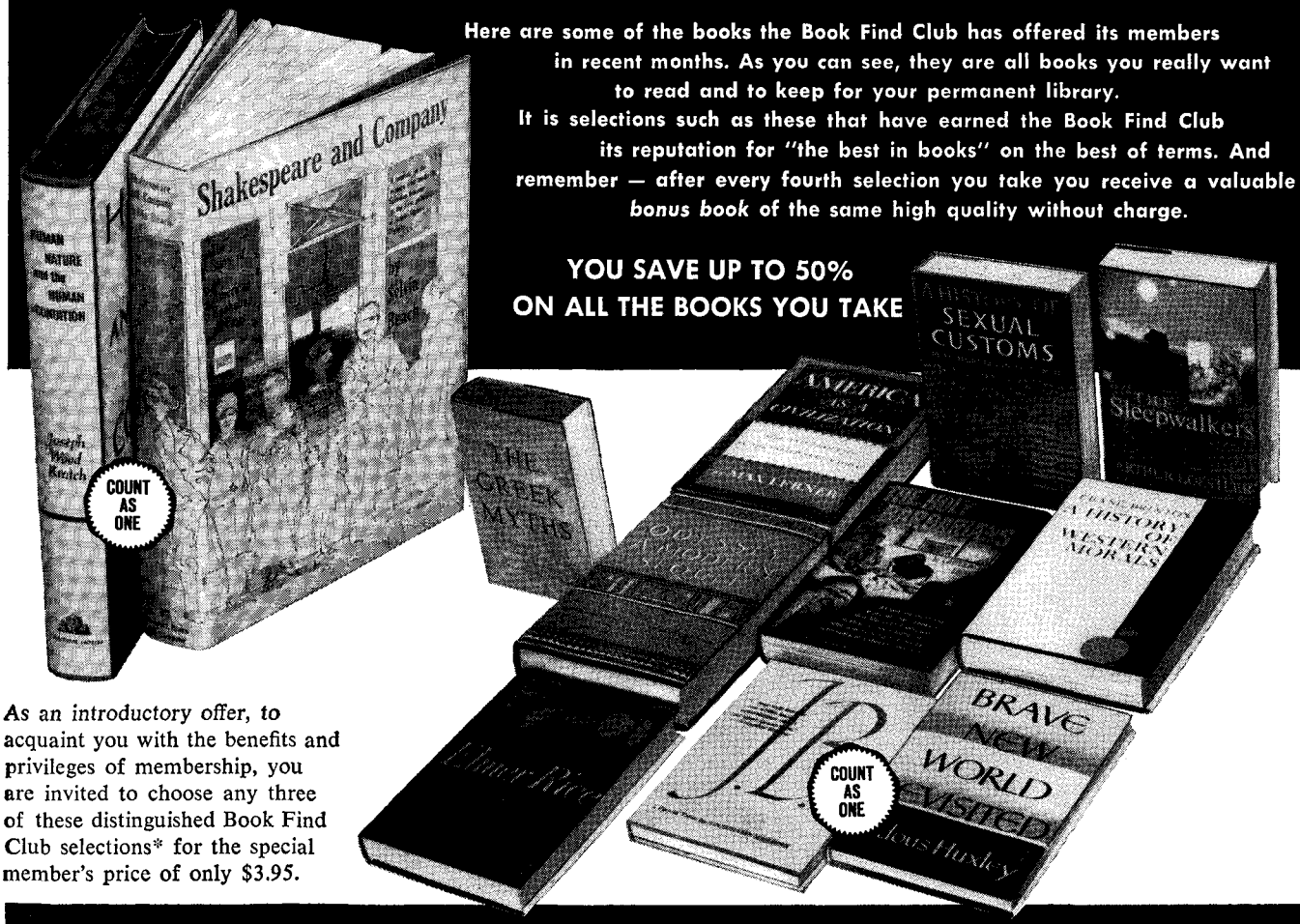

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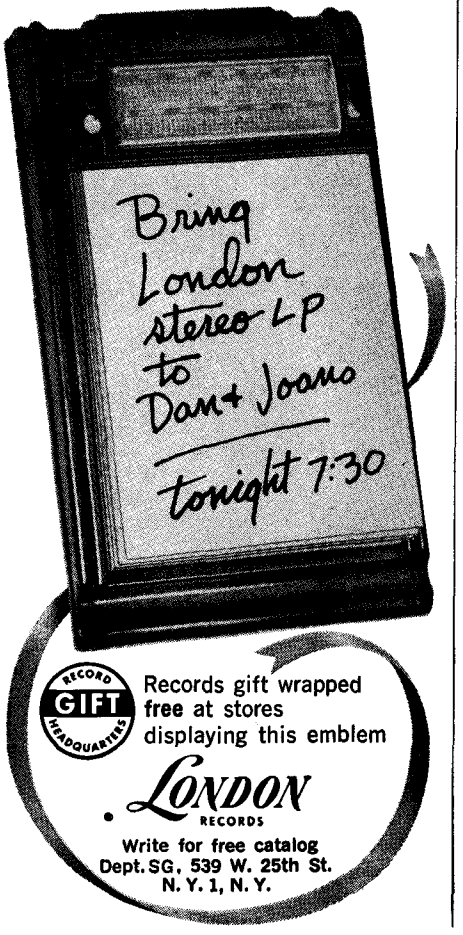

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THE VISIT

To the Editors: I read Max Ascoli's "Now That We've Seen Him—" (*The Reporter*, October 15) during a day when I also learned that the reaction of the administration to the lunar shot and the visit is a further heavy cut in our military plans. I am traveling around the country and honestly believe that more and more people are seeing this situation as Max Ascoli presents it in that great editorial.

STUART SYMINGTON
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I was under the impression that *The Reporter* was a liberal journal. This impression has faded with each issue, and now Max Ascoli's editorial has wiped it out entirely.

MARY L. INMAN
New York

To the Editors: Thank God there is somebody left who has eyes to see, and is not restrained by the domestic political question of where the voters may be, from speaking his mind clearly and forthrightly. I thought the whole piece was one of Max Ascoli's best and most important.

PAUL H. NITZE
Foreign Service Educational Foundation
Washington, D.C.

'HUMANE' WAR

To the Editors: In showing what is behind the recent flood of publicity about the "humaneness" of biological and chemical weapons, Walter Schneir's "The Campaign to Make Chemical Warfare Respectable" (*The Reporter*, October 1) stands in a noble *Reporter* tradition.

It is somewhat disturbing, however, that the general tendency of the article seems to be to decry government manipulation of public opinion rather than to face the substantive question. After all, maybe government is molding us in the right way. Why shouldn't we develop and use these weapons?

What is called for is a thoroughgoing questioning of the non-Christian and inhuman reliance upon mass extermination which has gained ground steadily in the United States since the obliteration bombing of World War Two . . .

NORMAN K. GOTTWALD
Andover Newton Theological School
Newton Center, Massachusetts

To the Editors: I am surprised that *The Reporter*, or any public information medium, should disparage the releasing of information in a field of such great importance to the country. During my whole tour of service in the Chemical Corps I was fighting for the release of more information. . . . An "informed public" is still a worthwhile goal in any area . . .

We hope that we do not have to use any weapons of war. If we do, no weapons are humane, but, despite Mr. Schneir's confused presentation in this area, chemical and biological warfare offer the possibility of selecting weapons which can avoid widespread killing. Research and development is still necessary to perfect these weapons, but they are available. In any case, public discussion, to be most useful, should be objective—and I'm not sure Mr. Schneir's article is objective.

J. H. ROTHSCHILD
Brigadier General, USA (Ret.)
Boulder, Colorado

To the Editors: I found Walter Schneir's forthright article on chemical warfare very interesting. The subject of atomic, bacteriological, and chemical warfare has always been controversial and provocative. However, I believe the readers of *The Reporter* have come to expect and look forward to such articles. I am sure they will not be disappointed by Mr. Schneir's.

J. S. DOWDELL
Captain, U.S. Navy
Director, Public Information Division
Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: As the author of an article "designed to make chemical warfare respectable" ("Conventional Death or Unconventional Survival," *Saturday Review*, February 7, 1959), may I comment on Mr. Schneir's essay?

¶ He fails to make *the* crucial distinction between research and development on the one hand, and production of presently available weapons on the other. Most of the writers on chemical warfare whom he cites recognize that the psychochemical weapons, for instance, are not currently utilizable. *But* the expenditure of a relatively small sum, as compared with what we spend on thermonuclear development, could make—conceivably—the practical production and use of such psychochemical weapons possible.

¶ Mr. Schneir makes a rather shoddy confusion between bacteriological warfare and chemical warfare. The former is almost certainly *not* controllable (with certain limited exceptions). The latter might be susceptible of development so that limited warfare with modern technology would really become possible.

¶ In discussing chemical warfare, Mr. Schneir fails to compare it with the obvious likely alternative, thermonuclear warfare. At the present stage of development, both are unpleasant and unethical; but chemical warfare could be developed in a way in which thermonuclear warfare probably could not, to be much less unpleasant and unethical—to

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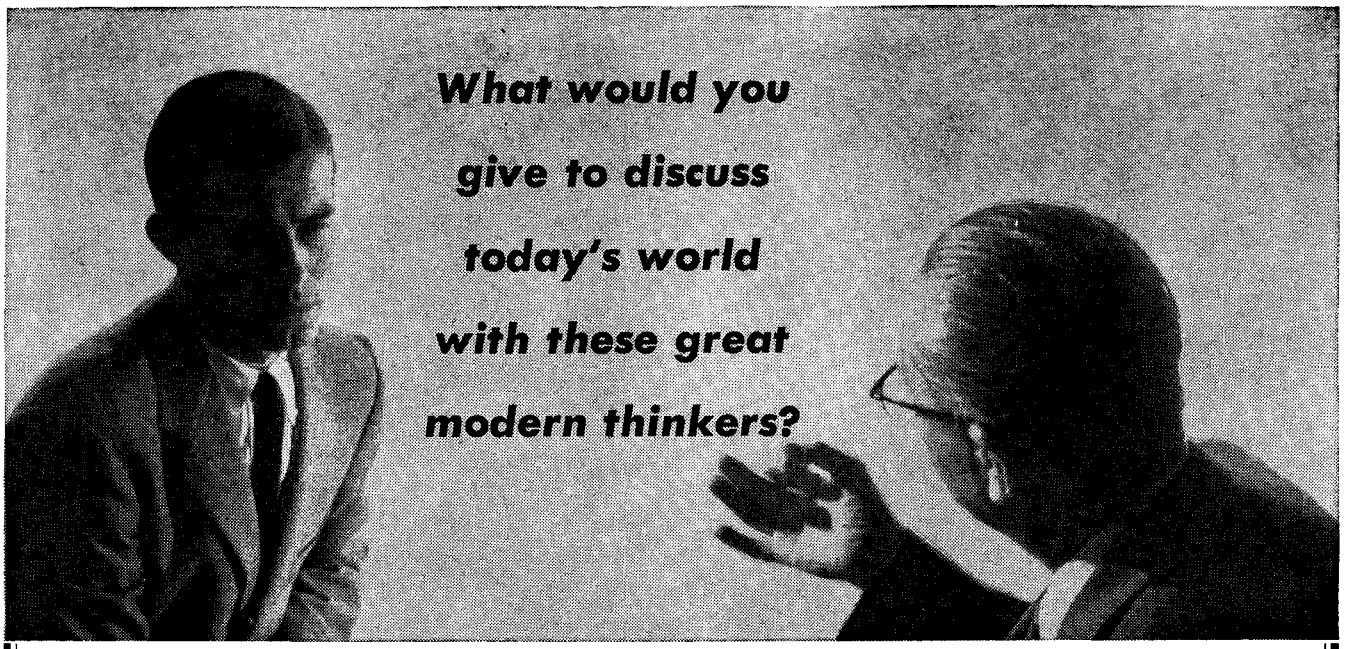

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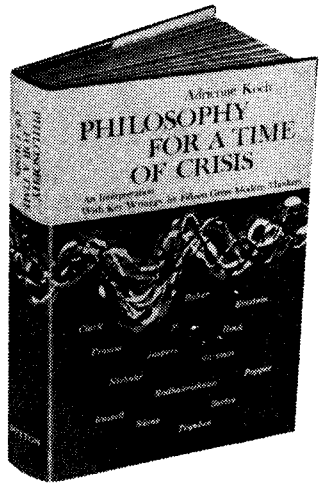

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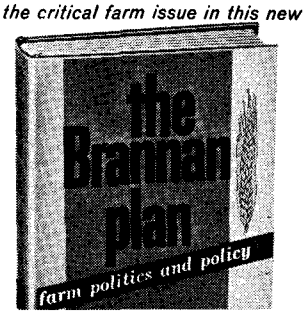

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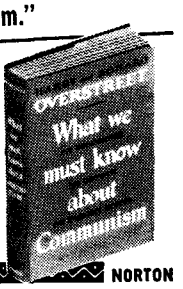

NORTON

"THEY TELL US: *'The Russians were cordial to Nixon, so we must be cordial to Khrushchev. Q.E.D.' We reply: 'Jack the Ripper was nice to all the women he didn't murder, therefore all the women he didn't murder should be nice to Jack the Ripper. Q.E.D.' Why* shouldn't *tyrants and enslaved people be cordial to a visiting statesman from a free country? And why* should *free men be cordial to visiting tyrants from a slave nation?* Quod licit Jovi non licet bovi. *Q.E.D.*"

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fit into Lester Pearson's conception of "measured retaliation" rather than SAC's "massive retaliation."

I should say that I have never, to my knowledge, met or talked with anyone connected with the Chemical Warfare Services or any related branch, or with any manufacturer of chemicals, etc., and that my only correspondence with people with these interests has been to ask for reprints. The development of my interest arose out of studies, undertaken partly as an employee of civil-defense agencies and partly under a foundation grant for a study of military policy.

LEWIS A. DEXTER
Belmont, Massachusetts

NOSTALGIA FOR DRAGONS

To the Editors: Oliver La Farge ("When Trains Were Really Trains," *The Reporter*, October 1) has written tenderly about the railroads, specifically the steam locomotive, and what he has said is heart-warming to me, as indeed it would be to anyone who has grown up on a railroad.

Should we yield to our sentiments, I am sure that all of us would be in favor of Mr. La Farge's suggestion that a few steam locomotives be kept alive for running about the country in some sort of rotating arrangement for the sake of our children, to say nothing of us "grown-up children." However, such a scheme would involve expense which the railroads cannot afford, and we must therefore be governed by the wheels of progress rather than by our sentiments.

W. A. JOHNSTON, President
Illinois Central Railroad
Chicago

To the Editors: Mr. La Farge is not alone in his wish that a few steam engines should be preserved for posterity. There are railroad museums and amusement centers all over the country in which these relics of the days of steam are operating.

But in these days of speed, as more and more people forsake the railroads for the airways, I doubt that an organized tour of the country powered by a steam locomotive, which is apparently in Mr. La Farge's mind, could be arranged. In fact, if one subscribes to ICC Commissioner Hosmer's pessimism, after 1970 one won't be able to travel across the country by rail even under the power of the unromantic Diesel.

GEORGE ALPERT, President
New York, New Haven
and Hartford Railroad
Boston

To the Editors: I'm not sure whether there are any steam locomotives still in service, but if Mr. La Farge wants to feast his eyes on some pretty old railroad equipment I would invite him to join those of us who commute to New York via the New Haven.

W. K. LANDER
Westport, Connecticut

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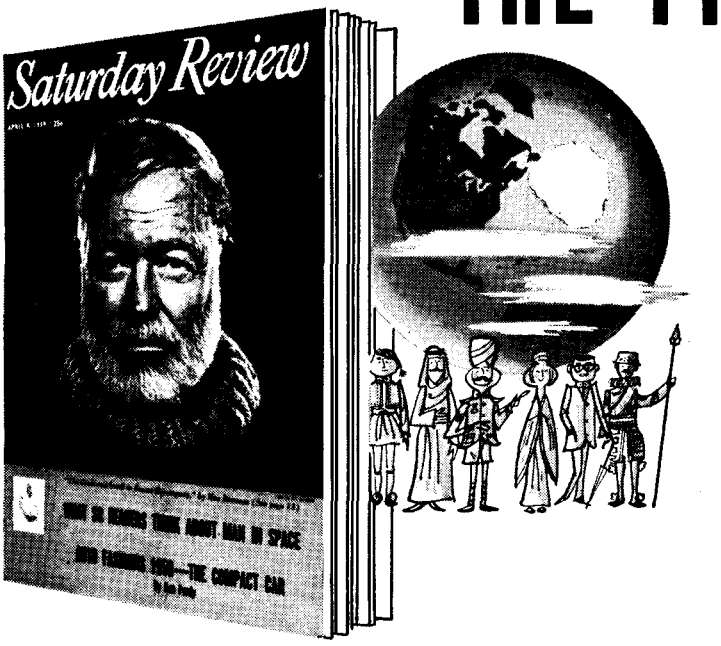

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The Saturday Review is a weekly magazine for people whose time is limited, but whose interests are not. It is published in the U.S.A., but with a global approach to the world of ideas and the arts. Editor Norman Cousins recently visited Russia and made a significant address there. Music Editor Irving Kolodin has covered Europe's major musical centers and the leading recording laboratories. Henry Hewes has seen and reported on plays in England and on the continent. And Horace Sutton—after girdling the globe by jet—has given readers revealing, on-the-spot stories on the two newest states of the union, Hawaii and Alaska.

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- The forthright series by Saturday Review Science Editor John Lear on misleading drug advertising has brought to light one of the most pressing problems of our time.
- *Preview* reports—from Chicago, Copenhagen, Glyndebourne, Vienna, London, Milan, Stockholm, Vancouver—of the exciting opera personalities scheduled for Metropolitan Opera debuts during the 1959-60 season: Christa Ludwig, Anna Moffo, Birgit Nilsson, Giuletta Simionato, Elisabeth Soederstroem, Kim Borg, Otto Klemperer and Jon Vickers.
- The importance of a liberal arts education in today's age of specialization—succinctly stated in a Saturday Review article by William Benton, who has had successful careers in a variety of specialized fields.
- The special section in the May 16, 1959 issue—"Photography in the Fine Arts"—contained magnificent photographs, many in full color, chosen by a distinguished national Board of Judges for exhibition at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, to be followed by a tour of the nation's leading museums.

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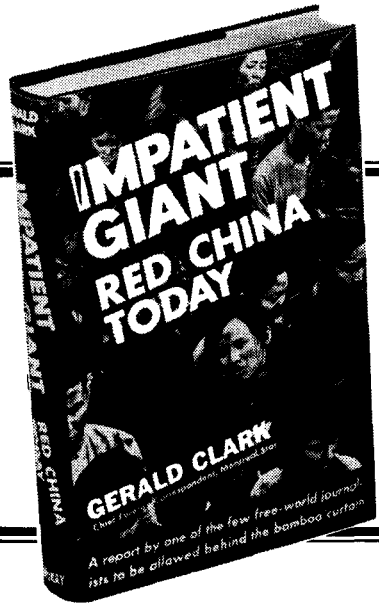

By GERALD CLARK

co-author and narrator of the prize-winning CBS documentary "The Face of Red China"

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE RECENT British election may not exactly have been, as some asserted, a "TV election." There is little evidence that the performance of the two big parties on the living-room screen had any significant effect on the final tally. (Most of those who watched thought that Labour had put on the superior performance.) Nevertheless, there is a sense in which the assertion is valid. For, as **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, the general quality of the electoral campaign had about it something of the sponsored commercial. Unpleasant facts of life were minimized; the tone varied between benign paternalism and genial camaraderie; no offense was offered to any important section of the population; all the arts of bland persuasion were cultivated, while the process of serious discussion was put away for the duration. This, of course, is not a peculiarly British phenomenon.

THE PROBLEMS of prosperity are much to be preferred over the problems of poverty. Nevertheless, as we in the United States have come to learn since the end of the war, they are in their own way irksome, grievous, and intractable. In the field of medicine, for instance, people now have more money than ever before to devote to taking proper care of themselves—only this proper care, what with one thing and another, now demands more money than most of us seem to have. It is as a way of breaking through this vicious circle that voluntary systems of health insurance have become so popular; and of these Blue Cross, with its fifty-five million members, is by far the most popular. Yet, as **Edward T. Chase** points out, this very popularity has led Blue Cross into a crisis from which there may be no escaping without a basic reform of the entire organization of medical practice in this country. Mr. Chase is a public-relations consultant to various enterprises and a writer on public affairs whose contributions have appeared in past issues of *The Reporter*.

H. G. Nicholas is a Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Reader in the Comparative Study of Institutions at the University of Oxford. He is the author of *The British General Election of 1950* and *To the Hustings: An Anthology of Election Scenes from English Fiction*. . . . **James Reichley,** a Pennsylvania journalist, is the author of a political novel (*The Burying of Kingsmith,* 1957) and is currently preparing a study of Philadelphia politics for the Fund for the Republic. . . . **Mrs. R. Hart Phillips** is a veteran New York *Times* correspondent in Cuba. . . . **Walter Z. Laqueur** is the editor of *Soviet Survey,* a bimonthly published in London, and the author of several important studies of the Middle East. His book *Soviet Russia in the Middle East* was published last spring by Praeger. . . . **S. L. Shneiderman's** *The Warsaw Heresy* was recently brought out by Horizon Books. Over the past few years, *The Reporter* has printed several of his reports from Poland.

IN ADDITION to her duties as "Sec" and as TV critic for this magazine, **Marya Mannes** is now working on a musical comedy. . . . **Benjamin Bradlee,** a member of the Washington bureau of *Newsweek*, was one of the mob of journalists which, as he reports, covered the Khrushchev tour to the point where Mr. K. himself was almost lost in the crowd. . . . **Nat Hentoff** writes regularly on the entertainment world for us. . . . **Jay Jacobs,** an artist by vocation, continues his avocation as a movie reviewer. . . . **Daniel Bell,** formerly labor editor of *Fortune*, is now associate professor of sociology at Columbia. A collection of his essays on the American social scene will be published this spring by the Free Press. . . . **Robert Shaplen** is a regular contributor to the *New Yorker*. His latest novel, *Forest of Tigers,* was published by Knopf in 1956. . . . **Theodore Draper** is the author of *The Roots of American Communism* (Viking, 1957), the second volume of which he has just completed.

Our cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Electoral Interlude

If any evidence were needed that our nation is the unchallenged fashion leader of democratic politics, the recent British election proves the point beyond reasonable doubt. Both major British parties fought their campaign on bread-and-butter issues, one saying "You never had it so good," the other "We too can do it—and better." Politicians on both sides decided that there was no mileage in foreign affairs. Neither was there much mileage in matters of defense, although both parties were for some measure of disarmament, and both intimated that sizable brokerage fees could be collected by mediating the differences between the United States and Soviet Russia. The British people were concerned above all with the continuation of the prosperity they had started enjoying under Conservative government.

Any visitor to Britain or to the industrialized countries of Western Europe is startled by the flow of cars on the roads, by the number of houses being built, by the apparent abundance of consumer goods obviously within the reach of large masses. If the visitor is from America, he cannot help realizing that in our country the transition from prevailing mass indigence to prevailing mass well-being took place more slowly and over a longer period of time.

Mass production and mass consumption, as our economists never tire of telling us, mark the attainment of the greatest good for the greatest number—an attainment which, if universalized, will lead to everlasting happiness and everlasting peace. All this may well be true, and nations already prosperous like ours have many reasons—including self-interest—for assisting other nations to achieve prosperity. It must not be forgotten, however, that the blessings of mass production and mass consumption have a habit of being accompanied by mass Babbittism. Under Babbittism, the legitimate concern with individual and collective prosperity easily leads to an attenuation of whatever differences there may be in the programs of opposite political parties.

The Communists may gloat and say that all this is as it should be, for there is no difference in the political parties of a capitalistic democracy. But here the Communists should be told to shut up, for they are the biggest Babbitts of them all, and their monopolistic party sees to it that Babbittism is speeded up and kept unchallenged.

Our British cousins have proved how diligently the Old World can imitate the New. They have exhibited their disposition for a personality cult remarkably similar to that which has been practiced over here during the last seven years. This cult is without servility or blind subservience, for free people like ourselves and the British would never stoop to that, and the object of the cult would never want it. Rather, it is a form of national narcissism, where the majority of the people falls in love with a benign image of itself. The image so cherished is called by a simple, friendly name, like Mac or Ike. No miracles are asked of it, but just propitiation for continued good luck.

It is reported that during his last appearance on television two nights before the election, Macmillan provided a superb example of the benign, fatherly approach. His exuberant mustache and sideburns had been trimmed to near-normal proportions. Of course he lacked Ike's radiance, but everybody knows that Ike and Mac make a good pair: They had been seen together on TV just a few weeks before, and their togetherness could not have been more cozy. A quality of warm, friendly coziness also characterizes their relationship to their peoples.

A year from now, we shall be near the end of the Presidential campaign. Of this campaign, one thing is certain: We shall be blissfully free of father images and personality cult. Without any offense to any of the seekers after nomination by either party, it can be said that there is not one of them whose Presidential ambitions can be considered justified by past achievements.

This singular situation fits astonishingly well the needs of our country. Other nations can indulge in orgies of smugness and provincialism during the electoral season; nations that to a very large extent have become provincial, since they are no longer burdened with the responsibility of great and decisive power. Other nations can be justified in wallowing in their newly found comparative prosperity. Ours has known prosperity for quite some time. It has also been the first to reach Babbittism, and now the time has come when it must prove that it has outgrown it.

Needless to say, the politicians running for the Presidency will spend a great deal of their energies dealing with such issues as the price of hogs and the pocketbook. Indeed, they must. But there are other issues —the management of the Alliance, our defense posture and defense expenditure, the organization of Federal controls aimed at avoiding wasteful labor-management conflicts —on which the candidates must be made to take a stand. It is up to a free and independent press to see that these issues are not swept aside, or dismissed as of limited mileage.

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Can Blue Cross Survive Its Own Success?

EDWARD T. CHASE

ALTHOUGH GOOD NEWS about miraculous new cures arrives constantly from our laboratories and hospitals, there is nevertheless a profound sense of uneasiness throughout the world of American medicine today. The symptoms take many forms. Doctors are concerned not only about their incomes but also about threats to their professional freedom and the time-honored doctor-patient relationship. The public, alarmed by ever-rising medical costs and particularly hospital costs, is voicing louder and louder demands for protection from financial hardship caused by illness. Baldly stated, the fundamental issue of the whole heated debate now going on is whether this protection can be secured within the framework of a private voluntary system of health care or whether it requires instead a large measure of government intervention.

BECAUSE Blue Cross, which covers hospital expenses for more than fifty-five million people, is far and away the largest and most important single institution in the private health-care field, it is inevitably right in the center of any discussion of medical economics. And Blue Cross is in trouble. It is racked by a series of inner conflicts and dilemmas. Worst of all, it may well be pricing itself out of the market it was established to serve.

The original plan was devised in 1929 by a Texas educator, Justin Ford Kimball, Ph.D., of Baylor University. The plan that is credited with starting the Blue Cross movement was a simple three-party agreement to pay the cost of hospital care. Subscribers paid fifty cents monthly into a common fund, the "prepayment fund," which was used to cover hospital bills. The hospital in turn promised to provide a certain number of days of service for a specified payment from the common fund. The entire transaction was nonprofit. Dr. Kimball's aim was not only to ameliorate the plight of Baylor University Hospital but also to help the citizens of Dallas, especially his fellow teachers, who were having serious trouble meeting their hospital bills.

Under the impact of the depression, plans roughly similar to the Baylor plan sprang up in various localities. The concept of individual prepayment for possible future hospital services through group enrollment and the co-operation of community hospitals soon became firmly established. In 1933 the American Hospital Association threw its national support behind the plans. The American College of Surgeons and the American Medical Association added their endorsements.

Even though they are not, strictly speaking, insurance companies, the plans operate by state charter under the supervision of state insurance commissions that administer regulations requiring reasonable reserves, make periodic examinations, supervise rates, and approve contracts. The plans are governed by private citizens, usually with a preponderance of hospital administrators, physicians, and business leaders. Some 1,800 people comprise the boards of the seventy-nine Blue Cross plans across the country. The Blue Cross Commission, with headquarters in Chicago, was created in 1946 by the American Hospital Association as the general co-ordinating body for all the plans.

Blue Cross in the Red

Blue Cross has been astonishingly successful—and in a way it is the victim of its own success. It is hardly necessary to point out here that the increase in medical costs, and especially hospital costs, has far outdistanced the general postwar rise in the cost of living. Hospital costs rise five to six per cent year after year. They are much the most important part of the medical bill, accounting for more than two-thirds of it as the hospital increasingly becomes the heart of our health-care system. And Blue Cross, it must be emphasized, covers only hospital expenses, in contrast to its younger, smaller cousin, Blue Shield, a doctor-run organiza-

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tion that covers a number of surgical and medical services.

As medical costs have continued to rise, Blue Cross plans in city after city have made applications for increases in rates of from ten to fifty-three per cent. In New York, for example, there was recently a 26.5 per cent increase, on top of a 22 per cent rise the previous year. Blue Cross's problems are of course exacerbated by the revolution in medical science —the proliferation of costly new hospital apparatus, drugs, and extra services requiring more personnel. The patients, meanwhile, are demanding all of this and more. An ever better informed and better heeled urbanized population demands the best medical care available. And yet inflationary pressures in medical costs are only part of Blue Cross's troubles.

FROM ITS BEGINNINGS in the 1930's as a private voluntary institution, Blue Cross has been endorsed and hailed by organized medicine as the answer to proponents of compulsory government health insurance. At the same same time, Blue Cross has always insisted that it is not just another form of private insurance (which its leaders seem to regard as tainted with the profit motive), on the technical ground that it does not pay individual policyholders cash allowances toward expenses incurred, as insurance usually does, but instead provides service benefits in hospitals. Blue Cross's original appeal was the appeal of community service, and the appeal was effectively promoted. It succeeded in impressing upon organized medicine, the hospitals, and the public alike that this was the free American way of providing health care.

And yet Blue Cross may be able to save itself only by adopting many of the characteristics of the very thing its leadership has always been determined to preclude. If Blue Cross should now cease to expand its membership enrollment and also fail to broaden the range of its services in response to public demand, or if any substantial number of the seventy-nine regional Blue Cross plans should go bankrupt in the attempt, it seems clear that there will simply have to be substantial subsidization from some outside source.

INITIALLY, Blue Cross covered employee groups only. These normally are in the younger, healthier segment of the population. But over the years, its philosophy of welfare service for the whole community gradually extended its coverage until it arrived at its present policy of individual as well as group enrollment.

The insurance industry, emboldened by Blue Cross's spectacular success in the health-insurance market, one it had theretofore spurned as profitless, launched into strenuous competition. The competition between Blue Cross and the eight hundred-odd insurance companies now in the health-insurance field has taken on the character of a mortal combat. By the 1950's the commercial carriers had caught up with and begun to pass Blue Cross in the numbers of persons they provide with hospital insurance. In Blue Cross literature, commercial insurance has been painted as the avaricious, unfair rival, uninhibited by ideals of community-wide service and thus able to skim the cream off the market.

Since Blue Cross's fundamental commitment to community rating means that practically everyone is eligible and pays the same rate, the proportion of the infirm aged subscribing to Blue Cross is naturally high. Among the fifteen million Americans over sixty-five, two-thirds of those who hold some sort of health coverage belong to Blue Cross, some three and a half million people. The commercial carriers, on the other hand, using the principle of experience rating to reduce adverse risks (that is, accepting only favorable risks, pre-eminently employee groups), are able to provide the younger people with cheaper coverage. Blue Cross loses them while it gains an ever greater concentration of the old, who are hospitalized more than twice as many days per capita as the population as a whole, at a cost three to four times that of the younger population. This has a great deal to do with the fact that the Blue Cross plans had an $8-million deficit in 1957 and a staggering $40-million deficit last year.

Should It Be a Monopoly?

Against this sort of pressure, how can Blue Cross maintain its ideal of nonprofit service benefiting the entire community? One solution, of course, would be for Blue Cross to become a national monopoly.

Monopoly has never been directly proposed in exactly so many words by Blue Cross leadership. Nonetheless, it is the clear implication of the position reiterated in rate hearings when Blue Cross constantly accuses the commercial carriers of preventing it "from serving the needs of the community." Moreover, the argument that one good program is cheaper than two or three overlapping poor ones and that this one program should be on the Blue Cross principle of service benefits rather than cash is a recurrent theme in Blue Cross literature. Late in August, John R. Mannix, a top Blue Cross official in Ohio, proposed that the American Hospital Association set up what in effect would be a super Blue Cross plan to be called the American Blue Cross: chartered by Congress, it would cover both major and minor hospital, medical, and dental bills and would be available to everybody, including the unemployed and the retired. Unless this radical step is taken, he warned, "the question as to whether or not we are to have a governmental health system in the United States will be decided affirmatively tomorrow."

Blue Cross has often aggressively sought a role as the government's agent in many medical matters. After first asking for all or none of Medicare, the government-paid health insurance for dependents of the military, Blue Cross eventually settled for two-thirds of the business, with the commercial carriers getting the rest. Should the Forand bill, which would provide hospitalization and related services to Social Security beneficiaries, ever go through—and it appears more likely of passage at each session of Congress—Blue Cross would probably become its fiscal agent.

INSTEAD of trying to eliminate the competition by acquiring a monopoly, Blue Cross could, of course, adopt the tactics of its commercial competitors by limiting service. It could do this either by using experience rating to avoid the bad risks or by providing so-called catastrophe coverage and thus limiting its coverage to the rarer big emergencies. There are already a few modest in-

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stances of experience or merit rating, as it is called, in some of the Blue Cross plans, and more attempts can be expected in the future. Philadelphia Blue Cross, for example, has proposed somewhat lower rates for groups that had less hospitalization during the prior year than other groups. But this expedient cannot really work to any appreciable extent. The plain fact is that unless the healthy, productive young partially subsidize the ever larger number of aged by paying for more than their "actuarial" share, the aged will be confronted with impossibly high rates and Blue Cross will inevitably have to abandon community-wide nonprofit service.

Similarly, while provision of only catastrophe coverage would undeniably reduce costs, since minor infirmities would be paid for by the patient, most Blue Cross leaders feel that it would also lessen the utility of their plans and leave those least able to afford it the necessity for bearing the brunt of their hospital expenses. This would obviously relegate Blue Cross to the minor role of standby protection against economic calamity. Organized labor frowns on the idea because it feels the workingman might be deterred from getting needed care and that in any case he still cannot shoulder the burden of the relatively less costly illnesses by himself. A few in Blue Cross have suggested that two plans be offered: one the traditional coverage, the other catastrophe coverage. But others object that the higher overhead costs of administering two plans would tend to nullify the possible economies.

Too Many People in Hospitals

As if these difficulties were not enough, Blue Cross now finds itself backed to the wall by the fact that its coverage is, with only the rarest exceptions, confined to treatment in hospitals. The resultant overutilization of the hospital has become something of a national scandal, eliciting "view with alarm" articles, legislative inquiries, indignant letters to the editor, a plethora of conferences and speeches in the medical and insurance worlds, and much bad feeling among the doctors, the hospitals, Blue Cross, and the public.

The problem for Blue Cross is not only how to prevent abuses but also how to control the mechanics of coverage for outpatient care. This includes visits to doctors' offices (at the patients' initiative, of course), getting an X ray, or diagnosis at a clinic. It presents a staggering underwriting problem. Hence there has been an inevitable and disastrous stress on institutional care. Many physicians hospitalize patients bent on getting their money's worth out of hospital insurance regardless of genuine need. All too often patients are hospitalized purely for diagnosis under the guise of treatment.

As the insurance commissioner of Pennsylvania put it in his adjudication after a recent Blue Cross rate hearing, "Such conduct on the part of the doctor [unnecessary commitment of patient in a hospital] renders him a collaborator with a private party in the violation of his Blue Cross contract." But in accordance with the tradition that the doctor can do no wrong, county medical societies take no disciplinary action whatsoever even when pressed to do so by state medical societies.

Various studies have shown that a minimum of twenty per cent of the hospital population need not be there and could just as well or even more effectively be handled in much less expensive accommodations. The consequence of unnecessary admissions, overlong confinements by convalescents in overelaborate quarters, and similar hospital abuse has been to increase the already swelling costs of medical care; it has risen fifty per cent in the last decade. And so it happens that Blue Cross, which was originally set up to make hospital care available to everyone, finds itself asking for ever higher rates to compensate for the fact that too many patients with Blue Cross coverage have been sent to hospitals. Truly, it has succeeded only too well in accomplishing its original mission.

Some Blue Cross leaders feel that the hospitals themselves should take the initiative by augmenting their medical-care services so as to include more outpatient care, which Blue Cross could then cover in a new kind of contract. By why put all the blame on the hospitals? After all, Blue Cross itself is now a vital part of the hospital system, as evidenced by its relationship to the American Hospital Association. The truth is that both doctors and Blue Shield can get pretty nasty when a hospital takes the initiative in providing the outpatient services that traditionally have been a prime source of the doctor's income. What's more, the fundamental needs, according to experts in medical economics, are radical changes in hospital design and an expansion in services so as to provide for truly comprehensive health care—especially preventive and restorative care. This, of course, is a job that Blue Cross never asked for. It has simply been overwhelmed by the public's acceptance of its basic service and now finds itself a giant, charged with new and enormous responsibilities that it neither created nor anticipated.

Who'll Cover the Deficits?

Such are the tensions in medical economics today that the friendship of Blue Cross and the hospitals has often degenerated into a feud. It is a complicated controversy involving once again Blue Cross's quasi-public welfare philosophy. The hospitals' complaint is that the reimbursement

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formulas of the service plans do not recompense them properly for such essential expenditures as upkeep, expansion and remodeling, medical and nursing education, and research, let alone the burden of free care for the indigent. They argue that when Blue Cross claims for itself the prestigious role of welfare agent for community-wide hospital services on a nonprofit, public-service basis, then it must also acknowledge such costs as its own legitimate concern. In effect, Blue Cross is being asked to accept responsibility for the hospitals' survival and growth.

It is hardly that simple, however. From small and almost casual beginnings, Blue Cross has grown immensely because it met a vital public need, and it cannot be accused of sidestepping challenges, at least up until now. Blue Cross can contend, and on occasion does so with asperity, that charity cases, for example, are the responsibility of the county and municipal authorities and that a larger proportion of this hospital expense should be met out of taxes rather than passed on to those provident enough to subscribe to Blue Cross.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED, of course, is that charitable contributions are no longer sufficient to finance the frightfully costly kind of apparatus and construction the modern hospital requires.

Faced with somewhat the same problems, our medical schools have been in continual financial embarrassment and unable to expand rapidly enough to provide new doctors to serve the growing population. Medical schools, like the rest of American medicine, have traditonally been greatly dependent on private philanthropy, which now derives increasingly from corporation donations. But the principal source of support at present, sixty per cent of it in fact, comes from governmental tax funds—thirty per cent from the national government and another thirty per cent from local and state governments.

Since it seems clear that Blue Cross cannot meet the hospitals' deficits without pricing itself out of existence, there are many who feel that some such more or less amiable partnership between government and private auspices offers the only possible solution to the present argument between Blue Cross and the hospitals.

Labor's Love Lost

The hospitals are not the only friends with which Blue Cross has had bitter arguments. There is also organized labor.

The biggest single shot in the arm for Blue Cross's amazing growth was the wartime wage freeze, which put a new stress on welfare benefits. For many years Blue Cross was a great favorite of labor. But recently some important unions have abandoned Blue Cross, disturbed by its apparent inability to control costs and even more so by its limited coverage. Labor has been increasingly attracted to the so-called independent plans, involving group practice by salaried physicians providing comprehensive care, both preventive and restorative as well as curative, on a group prepayment basis. More than three million people, a large percentage of them in labor groups, are now enrolled in these prepaid group practice plans. Among the better known are Group Health Association in Washington, D.C., HIP in New York, the Kaiser Foundation Health Plan on the West Coast, the Ross-Loos Medical Group in Los Angeles, and the new UAW-sponsored Community Health Association in Detroit.

Moreover, organized labor, impressed by the decade of solid success achieved by the United Mine Workers' own chain of hospitals, has been seriously considering building and running its own facilities. A month ago, in a bitter denunciation of Blue Cross's high rates, limited coverage, and insufficient community representation, New York City's AFL-CIO Central Labor Council proposed that the unions develop not only their own system of hospitals throughout the five boroughs but also their own medical-insurance program and possibly their own medical school.

Labor has also launched a belated drive to unionize nonprofessional hospital workers, a grossly underpaid group that for years has been partly subsidizing the medical care of all of us. Once again, Blue Cross is caught in the crossfire.

Labor's attitude is extremely important for the future of Blue Cross. The size of the groups involved is not the only factor. The pattern set in labor-management negotiations among major companies establishes the pattern of rates and range of benefits for almost everyone else. It is worth noting in this connection that Blue Cross, by virtue of its character as a nonprofit community liaison between the hospitals and the public, cannot change benefits arbitrarily but must first get agreement from both labor and management.

An Ounce of Prevention

In the long run, the most serious of all Blue Cross's problems is the paradox that while it is the outstanding American creation in the field of health insurance, by its very nature it has inhibited the most promising developments in health care—preventive and restorative medicine. The result of Blue Cross's tremendous growth as a prepayment mechanism for hospital care is its total absorption with curative care of acute diseases and disorders within the confines of the general hospital. This happens to run directly counter to the prevailing trend in contemporary medical thinking. The new emphasis on prevention and rehabilitation is being dictated by great economic pressures as well as by medical progress. Thus by and large, the best medicine is the cheapest medicine. This means that people must first of all be kept healthy; if sick, cured expeditiously, and more than cured—rehabilitated for a secure return to society, with minimum chance of relapse.

Blue Cross is not contributing to realization of this ideal. Quite the contrary. One of the ideal's essentials is that there be a more precise fitting of medical services to particular patients' conditions, not the lumping of all the disabled into the general hospital. According to the experts, the general hospital may be the nucleus of the new comprehensive community health centers that are required. But preventive practices performed at moderate cost in facilities designed for outpatient services —health examinations, diagnostic tests, laboratory tests—are crucial if we expect to avoid the excessive medical costs that arise from keeping our

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hospitals filled with a huge population of the ill and the ostensibly ill.

Likewise, facilities must be designed that will adequately meet the more simple needs of the ambulatory ill and the convalescent, who now, partially from the pressure of Blue Cross, exploit hospital services that have been designed strictly for the *acutely* ill. This also means development of better nursing-care units for the chronically ill and the elderly, as part of the community health center but distinct from the general hospital itself. It means rehabilitation facilities and self-help units within the community health center and it means home nursing-care services. In short, it means a more elaborate and subtle articulation of health services on a continuing and not an episodic basis. This sort of health care is both cheaper and better.

The Middle Way

It is difficult to foresee just how Blue Cross will manage to extricate itself from all its harassments. Blue Cross in Canada has been largely superseded by government hospitalization insurance as of this year. In Washington this spring a momentous 117-page report was submitted to the House Ways and Means Committee by the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Arthur S. Flemming, on the pros and cons of Federal hospitalization for Social Security beneficiaries (the objective of the Forand bill). Significantly, though Mr. Flemming later went on record against government action as advocated in the Forand bill, at least at this time, the introduction to his departmental report took no sides. It posed the question in this way: Should the Federal government undertake to pay hospital and medical-care costs for the aged now, or wait to see if voluntary private insurance will rise to the challenge of meeting the requirements of the elderly? The report then listed the pros and cons of government intervention with admirable impartiality.

The insurance industry, organized medicine, and business in general, while all willing to concede that covering the aged presents a very pressing problem, are against government action. They are convinced that a decision to let Federal government provide even limited hospital insurance for the aged would decisively slow down the rapid growth of voluntary health insurance.

On the other hand, speaking for the Forand bill on behalf of labor, Walter Reuther contends that far from destroying voluntary private insurance, it would furnish a "basic minimum standard" of protection for the aged, on which private insurance could build. Most of the proponents of the bill are satisfied to point out that only about forty per cent of those over sixty-five have any kind of health insurance and that according to the Flemming report private insurance will not succeed in covering more than seventy per cent of the aged population even if given a free hand until 1965.

Some opponents of the Forand bill have argued that Federal hospital insurance for the aged would not only slow down the growth of private insurance for all but would lead inevitably down the road to government control of all health services. On this score it should be noted that forty-four per cent of the nation's $6-billion hospital bill is already being paid by government via public funds (fourteen per cent by the Federal government through its various veterans' and military programs, thirty per cent by state and local governments), as against only twenty-eight per cent paid by private insurance, including the $1,357,392,014 in hospital payments made by Blue Cross (1958). As to the cost of total U.S. personal health services—this excludes public expenditures for military and community health services—about twenty-five per cent is paid for by government compared with around sixteen per cent by private health insurance. In short, government is already very much in the health-care business, and has been for some time.

Secretary Flemming has spoken of government and insurance "agreeing" on an imaginative program to meet the hospital-insurance needs of the aged. It is known that he is having his department draw up proposals to provide Federal subsidies for private insurance carriers to enable them to cover the worse-than-average risks, presumably with Blue Cross participation. He will probably present this proposal to Congress at the next session when the Forand bill comes up again.

Spirited public debate is bound to revolve around this problem. But the most likely outcome, as Secretary Flemming apparently realizes better than most, is that the peculiar American talent for combining governmental, private, and philanthropic enterprises will continue to dominate American health care for some time to come.

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The Meaning Of the British Election

H. G. NICHOLAS

LONDON

THE BRITISH predilection for taciturnity carries over into election statistics. The great wealth of correlatable detail provided by the American ward or precinct records has no equivalent here. What the British general-election returns of 1959 supply is simply the votes cast for each candidate in each of 630 parliamentary constituencies. Carefully translated, however, even these figures can be made to yield some information on how and why on October 8 the Conservative Party won its third victory in a row with a greatly increased majority.

At the outset it may be as well to dispose of a widespread misconception about the over-all result. Correspondents and commentators have repeatedly talked as if there were something truly extraordinary in the fact that a swing of 1.5 per cent of the popular vote produced a Conservative majority in the House of Commons twice as big as before. But this is pretty much what is likely to happen in any country with a predominantly two-party system and with election by plurality in single-member districts. In the United Kingdom it could be paralleled on many previous occasions. The increase from sixty-seven (the Tory majority in 1955) to 107 simply repeats, in almost exact arithmetical progression, the increase in the election of 1955 from twenty-six to sixty-seven, and this 1955 increase was itself the result of an almost identical swing of 1.8 per cent. It is the familiar magnifying effect seen in the workings of the electoral vote in U.S. Presidential races.

ALLOWING for this multiplying factor, just how are we to assess the Conservative achievement? Just how wonderful is "MacWonder"? Or (to use Labour's language) how successful was the "Tory Swindle"? Two records have been broken: there have been three successive Conservative victories and there have been rising majorities each time. But the base line for this meteoric graph was a very modest one—the exceptionally small Conservative majority of 1951, when Labour actually had more popular votes but had them where they could do the least good. There is nothing in the victories of the 1950's to compare with the sweeping Tory majorities of the 1930's—427 in 1931 and 247 in 1935. By British standards, 107 is a comfortable but not a huge majority. It enables the whips to allow members some latitude without encouraging any serious delinquency on the backbenches. Yet for all his success, Mr. Macmillan persuaded only 49.4 per cent of the actual voters to cast Conservative ballots (only 38.8 per cent of the eligible voters), and the hope of getting a mandate from a majority of the electorate eludes this government as it has eluded its predecessors.

Moreover, the Tory triumph is uneven. Mr. Macmillan can rejoice in his showing throughout the Midlands and the South in particular. He has won back a majority of seats in Birmingham, the old Joseph Chamberlain bastion that Labour captured in 1945. He has scored gains in Coventry, Nottingham, and Rugby—but not in Manchester, Glasgow, the Northwest which pivots on Lancashire, or the industrial belts of South Wales or Scotland. He is drawing closer to Labour in London. It is as if the Republicans had won back Philadelphia, gained in Detroit, Los Angeles, and throughout Ohio, but failed to take the lead in Chicago, Boston, industrial New England, or Pennsylvania, while New York City had split almost fifty-fifty. This is no landslide.

The Three Who Switched

Be that as it may, the Conservative growth over the decade remains impressive. For a party that has had three leaders, one of them lost in the middle of a national disaster of his own contriving, the mounting popularity is remarkable. And it is not a trick that has been pulled while the electorate has been looking the other way. Whatever may have been the original Tory strategy of keeping the election cool and quiet and clean on the principle that a low poll is a Tory poll, by the end they were barnstorming as lustily as anyone. The 78.7 per cent turnout on which they won was respectably high, only a little lower than the 82.6 per cent of 1951 and above the 76.8 per cent of 1955. And the Conservatives' total

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of 13,750,935 votes was the largest in their history.

The measure of Tory triumph is, most of the way, the measure of Labour's defeat, and it is doubtful wisdom on the part of Labour leaders to try to underestimate it. "Only three people in every two hundred have been sufficient to produce the swing against us," Hugh Gaitskell said. But which three? And what about the three who preceded them as defaulters in 1955, and the two who preceded *them* in 1951? Whichever way the figures of the party's decline are presented, they tell the same story. Seats in the House: 315 in 1950, 295 in 1951, 277 in 1955, 258 in 1959. Votes in the country, actual or by percentage:

1950:	13,266,592	=	46.4 per cent
1951:	13,948,605	=	48.8 per cent
1955:	12,405,254	=	46.4 per cent
1959:	12,216,166	=	43.8 per cent

But perhaps there were plenty of Labour supporters who stayed away from the polls? The "1½ million Labour voters who stayed at home" were cited as a comforting excuse for 1955, though even then there was good reason to doubt the hypothesis. As an explanation of 1959, when the total turnout was appreciably increased, it makes even less sense. For the most disturbing thing for Labour is the way the party's vote has declined expressed as a percentage of the total eligible electorate:

1950:	38.2 per cent
1951:	40.2 per cent
1955:	35.5 per cent
1959:	34.5 per cent

We have thus reached a point where only about a third of the population of voting age supports Labour.

This decline in the pulling power of Labour is unevenly spread. As mentioned above, there were considerable areas where Labour increased its vote and even won seats. But the location of these gains gives only too clear an indication of the bases of the party's appeal. There was first of all Lancashire. Here King Cotton was tottering at the end of his long reign. Declining sales had led the government to endorse a drastic plan for eliminating surplus productive capacity by agreement among the manufacturers. Some 25,000 out of 200,000 cotton workers will lose their jobs in consequence. Cotton has a symbolic role in Lancashire; it is not only an industry, it is a way of life. Here Labour could drum on the bitter memories of the 1930's. Even so, the result was not impressive—only one seat was gained.

The other areas of Labour strength were industrial Scotland, which has failed to share in the general prosperity, and coal-mining Wales. Wales, though prosperous enough, retained a sense of solidarity with "the movement." Its relative remoteness from the new centers of "hire-purchase" Tory democracy gave a time lag to its reactions and preserved its memories of harsher days. Increased Labour majorities in these areas were of little value because they only piled up in seats that Toryism never hoped to win. Worse still for Labour's future, they represent an aggregation of fears and recollections that are not going to be of much use to a party that has to recover some dynamism if it is to regain office.

DID LABOUR perhaps listen too long to the siren songs of the party's Center and Right? If it had not watered the pure milk of socialism, going slow on nationalization, stressing bread-and-butter benefits, and generally cultivating a middle-class appeal, would it have fared better? Much will be heard of this argument in the long autopsy that lies ahead (it has already been begun, not surprisingly, by Aneurin Bevan). The figures lend little support to

such a view, however. The spokesmen of the Labour Left fared no better, on balance, than the spokesmen of the Labour Right. True, Bevan increased his majority in Wales, but his wife, Jennie Lee, hardly less leftist, dropped hers in her Midlands mining seat of Cannock. Mrs. Barbara Castle did splendidly in raising her majority in Blackburn from a parlous 489 to 2,866, but she had King Cotton on her side; her frequent partner in Labour dissidence, Michael Foot, failed sadly to recover his lost seat at Devonport and saw his margin of defeat rise from 100 to 6,454. Ian Mikardo, an eminent leftist, lost his seat at Reading despite his assiduous cultivation of constituents. On the other hand, all the prominent party "regulars" from Gaitskell downward dropped no more than the national average, or less. Denis Healey, C.A.R. Crosland, and Roy Jenkins, the theoreticians and spokesmen for the Right, held on. The onus, as in 1955, will be on the militants to demonstrate that a more socialist policy will bring back the "floating voter" who seems to have drifted ashore on a sunny Conservative beach.

The New Liberals

Or has he voted Liberal? How seriously should we take the "Liberal revival"? In terms of votes it is genuine enough. The party's supporters have grown from 722,402 in 1955 to 1,640,761 in 1959, an increase of from 2.7 per cent of the total poll to 5.9 per cent. If the party could have afforded to run candidates everywhere, the increase would have been much more impressive. As it is, the significant figure is the increase in the number of votes cast per candidate. In 1955, 110 Liberal candidates averaged 6,500 votes apiece; in 1959, fighting on a broader front and therefore contesting many less favorable seats, 217 candidates averaged 7,500 votes each. Moreover, even where the party was unsuccessful, a growing number of its candidates moved up from third to second place, ousting Labour as the opposition party in a score of constituencies, and thus going some way toward beating the bogy of being the "third party."

For all that, the Liberals' success must not be overrated. The recent election, which has advanced their cause without increasing their six-member representation in the House, has not yet put them in a position where they can bargain effectively as a rising radical party with which Labour must come to terms. Unless some means can be found, by continuing successes at by-elections or otherwise, to maintain the momentum of their voting gains, the Liberals are apt to find their hope still deferred in 1964.

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Dilworth's Dilemma

JAMES REICHLEY

THE CITY of Philadelphia in the last decade has provided a fascinating display of almost all the varieties of political experience that a modern metropolis can undergo. The traditional conflict between machine politics and reform groups has been enlivened—and some feel thrown into confusion—by hybrid combinations of the two. And the end, as this fall's mayoralty campaign indicates, is not yet in sight.

Ten years ago an ancient and seemingly invincible Republican machine, managed by a colorful assortment of feuding ward leaders, held merry sway over the municipal apparatus. The machine had successfully negotiated the New Deal years, and had managed to beat down the first wave of a postwar reform movement that had run Richardson Dilworth, then a socialite attorney and recently returned hero of combat action with the U.S. Marines, for mayor in 1947.

The great change began in 1951 with passage of a new city charter, followed by the election of Dilworth as district attorney and Joseph S. Clark as mayor. The two, running on a ticket supported by a coalition of the then measly Democratic organization and the city's good-government group, gave the Republican machine a thrashing that virtually annihilated it at a single blow.

The threat of machine domination did not, however, as it turned out, die with Republican rule. During the last eight years, a struggle for supremacy in the city has been waged between the reformers, led by Clark until his election to the U.S. Senate in 1956, and the patronage-fattened Democratic organization, led since 1953 by the city chairman, U.S. Representative William Green.

Dilworth, who himself was elected mayor in 1955, has taken a somewhat equivocal position in this battle. At times he has stood by Clark's side, defying the Green organization; but at other times he has taken a fairly compliant attitude toward the demands of the Democratic machine.

In 1958 he was on the outs with Green and his cronies. As a result the city organization blocked his ambitions to run for the governorship, helping Mayor David L. Lawrence of Pittsburgh to that prize instead. By the winter of this year, however, the mayor and the organization had again settled down at least temporarily into cozy coexistence. But as part of the price Dilworth had to pay for the reconciliation, not a single person identified with the reform group was included on the Democratic ticket for city council.

Stassen: Semper Paratus

The Republicans, meanwhile, had almost ceased to exist as a political force. The choice of Harold E. Stassen as their candidate for mayor this fall was an act of clear political desperation. The former governor of Minnesota, former president of the University of Pennsylvania, and former adviser on disarmament in the Eisenhower administration had last made an appearance in the political arena as a candidate in the 1958 Republican primary for governor of Pennsylvania. He was soundly beaten, partly as a result of the huge majority turned in against him by the remnant of the Republican city organization that now seeks to elect him mayor.

Harold Stassen's law firm is located on the corner of Broad and Sansom Streets, the heart of the city's financial district, and the candidate himself wears the conservative, dark, high-lapeled suits that are the uniform of Philadelphia lawyers. He might easily be mistaken at first glance for some long-established descendant of the Biddles or the Peppers. A patient glint of determination still lurks in his eyes, however, and his lips have never lost their characteristic set of indomitable ambition.

"We are building a more liberal Republican Party here," he declared at the outset of a recent interview. "Our whole problem in the current campaign is to win sufficient independent and liberal Democratic voters to our side to overcome the great Democratic lead in registration. Our strategy is to document for the thinking voters of Philadelphia the fact that the reform administration brought in by Joe Clark and Dilworth has now become the racket administration of Dilworth and Congressman Green."

What did Stassen see as the basic issue of the campaign? "The terrible unemployment and slowdown in industrial development that have beset the city during the Dilworth-Green administration. We now have the worst unemployment situation among all the great cities of the country. I have prepared a comprehensive program to deal with the whole problem."

Would a policy of keeping unemployed persons out of Philadelphia be part of the Stassen program? "Yes, indeed. Our city simply cannot handle any further surplus of unemployed. These people are being lured into the city, then bedded down in virtual slave camps by the Democratic machine in order to win further election victories. It is a complete pattern, you see, of control through dishonesty and subjugation of the underprivileged. We must combat it, first by taking the lead against segregation in the South so that these people no longer will feel motivated to migrate, then by providing transportation to those who are already here and have no means to get back home. No person, of course, will be forced by police or anyone else to leave the city if he wishes to stay."

Reference was made to the fact that the Philadelphia *Inquirer* last March had carried a story stating that Stassen had entered the mayoralty contest as part of a deal that would withhold Pennsylvania's votes from Vice-President Nixon at the Republican national convention in 1960. "A complete falsehood," the Republican candidate declared. "Dilworth, you know, is the *Inquirer's* own lawyer. They must be counted together. The *Inquirer* must be counted among the hostile group."

Dilworth: Faith in Mr. Green

The mayor's office is one of those caverns decorated with pictures of beaming politicians and headlines announcing past victories that seem

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to be standard for holders of public office in the United States. Dilworth looked a little older and fuller in the face than he had a year before, but he still seemed far younger than his sixty-one years. Tanned, handsome, smiling boyishly, he did not seem very far from the Dicky Dilworth who is reputed to have cut a dashing figure in elegant East Coast society during the years immediately following the First World War. In many ways he reminds one of the charming and egoistic heroes in the novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

The mayor announced good-humoredly that he was in a fight and that he knew it. "Stassen is working to rouse the discontented minority groups, a technique at which he is a master. He goes into some of the outlying neighborhoods in our city and tells the residents that they are the old Brahmins of Philadelphia, and that he will keep public housing and Negroes out of their neighborhoods. Then he goes to the working people and says that he will have the cops put unemployed Negroes back on the bus, even though he knows this is unconstitutional. He pulls all the old Joe McCarthy stuff, only he's ten times as smart at it as McCarthy ever was."

What did the mayor regard as the major issue of the campaign? "The major issue is our program, keeping our program moving for another four years. We have got to keep rolling with our redevelopment of the center city, we must pull together our transit system, we still have to solve the problems of crime and juvenile delinquency. We are doing a good job at all of these things, but we have got to complete the job. Stassen says we increased the city's payroll by eight thousand drones in eight years. Of course, the actual rise was only four thousand new city employees. Where did these new workers go? They went to staff the additional welfare services that we have provided for the city. Stassen says he is going to fire the drones. Is he going to cut off the additional services that they provide? Does he think the people would stand for that?"

Did Dilworth agree with those who believe that four years from now, when he himself will be ineligible to run, the Democratic organization will put up one of its regulars as a candidate for mayor? "That, of course, is what the reformers are claiming," Dilworth replied. "But Bill Green is an intelligent political leader, and he knows that if he wants to continue to win elections he must put up qualified candidates."

Most Philadelphians probably would agree that Richardson Dilworth is a qualified candidate, but the prospect of what will happen four years from now casts a shadow over this year's mayoralty election. ««

Castro Gets the Bill

R. HART PHILLIPS

HAVANA

IN THE FIRST FLUSH of victory, when Fidel Castro marched into Havana as the greatest popular hero in the history of Cuba, he was not required to face the realities of economic life. Now, however, he is beginning to realize that to change the country economically, politically, and socially will require vast sums of money that he does not have.

The agrarian reform, which Castro declares to be the basis of his revolution and which is being put into effect as rapidly as possible, will present a staggering financial burden for a small country like Cuba. This law expropriates all land held by one person in excess of one thousand acres—or, in the case of ranches and sugar-cane and rice plantations, three thousand acres. Furthermore, if anyone with less than these acreages has tenants on his land, they will be given 66.6 acres each, regardless of how little land that leaves in the hands of the owner. And even a man with only a few acres who does not grow the quota of products required by the Agrarian Reform Institute is subject to loss of his land in two years.

Already all the big estates owned by members of the Batista régime have been confiscated. The sugar-cane lands of the U.S. and Cuban sugar mills will not be expropriated until after the 1960 crop, in May or June. The American owners are scheduled to lose some 1.6 million acres, worth millions of dollars, and the Cuban owners around eight million acres.

The Agrarian Reform Institute, virtually a superstate organization that will control all the land in the island, is headed by Castro and managed by Dr. Antonio Núñez Jiménez, a youthful professor of the University of Santa Clara. The institute is laying emphasis on the development of "co-operatives," which are paying the peasants daily wages above what they previously received from the landowners. Soon hundreds of thousands of dollars will be needed every week, and as the months go by and the institute attempts to manage and finance all the land in production as well as to settle thousands of peasants on undeveloped lands, the cost will soar into the millions.

Sweet and Sour

The Agrarian Reform Institute today has some $60 million, according to Felipe Pazos, president of the National Bank of Cuba. It will be possible to give the institute some funds in each budget, but the financial situation is not encouraging. Pazos said recently that the net reserves have increased from $77.4 million at the time the Batista régime fell to $128.5 million—still a modest increase, as he pointed out.

During the first six months of this year government revenue showed an increase over the corresponding 1958 period. This was largely due to the law approved by the revolutionary government giving delinquent taxpayers a period in which to meet their arrears, after which heavy fines and long prison terms would be imposed for failure to do so. Millions of dollars poured into the treasury. During the second six months, however, revenue will be customarily small. Imports have dropped sharply and as a result customs collections have fallen off.

Since the beginning of the republic the rise or fall of the price of sugar has meant prosperity or depression

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to Cuba. All but a few thousand pounds of the annual crop is exported, and from this exportation, which is always paid for in American dollars, Cuba obtains the money for a large amount of imports. The sale of the 1959 sugar crop has been disappointing. In 1957 Cuba sold $630 million worth of sugar and in 1958 $556 million. Up to the present it has exported some 800,000 tons less sugar than at this time last year. The sugar industry calculates that by the end of the year Cuba will have on hand approximately 1.3 million long tons of sugar as compared to 523,000 tons at the end of last year. It is estimated that the income from sugar will drop about $125 million this year as compared to 1958.

Recent sales to the Soviet Union of 170,000 tons at 2.58 cents and 330,000 tons at 2.90½ cents per pound were encouraging, but it was pointed out that the cost of sugar production in Cuba is around three cents a pound, so that this transaction was not in itself a commercial triumph. (In fact, it is the American taxpayer who is financing the sale, since the United States, in accordance with a commercial treaty, pays Cuban producers a two-cent premium above the world-market sugar price, thus supporting any sales at prices below production cost.)

With the present surplus, it would seem imperative that the government and banks of Cuba finance the retention of a certain amount of this sugar, as was done in 1952, withdrawing it from the market so that it may be sold during the next few years. However, the banks have shown reluctance to enter this financing arrangement, and this reluctance is causing some concern here. The cane planters' association recently demanded that the government take over forty-three small mills, which they claimed had not liquidated their debts to the cane planters and had not given the usual financing for the coming crop. The government immediately took over the Central Macagua sugar mill in Las Villas Province. Undoubtedly it will take over and have to finance more of these mills.

The Cuban peso technically is held to par with the American dollar inside Cuba but it is valueless elsewhere, except on the black market. On assuming power, the revolutionary government instituted control of foreign exchange and imposed restriction on imports for the first time in the history of the republic. On October 1, high taxes went into effect on both imported and domestic alcoholic beverages, including Cuban beer and rum. At the same time prohibitive taxes were decreed on hundreds of imports, from food items to TV and automobiles, the greater part of which have customarily been imported from the United States. Moreover, foreign-exchange regulations were tightened. This was done, the government said, because foreign exchange—American dollars—must be saved to buy agricultural and industrial machinery and equipment.

Fidel and the Octopus

The almost complete cessation of the formerly flourishing tourist trade from the United States has caused repercussions in commerce, industry, and labor. Approximately ninety-nine per cent of Cuba's visitors were Americans. Castro now states that

some $200 million will be utilized to restore the tourist trade. However, as a result of the constant attacks by Castro and his officials on the United States, anti-American sentiment is rising rapidly in Cuba. This hardly encourages tourists; and it has effectively scared off foreign capital.

Few people, either at home or abroad, believe that Castro is a Communist. However, there is little doubt here that the penetration of Communists in his government is deep. There are no known Communists in the cabinet, but there are many in lower positions who have been known for many years as either members of the party or extreme leftists and anti-imperialists—that is, anti-American.

Castro claims in almost every speech that he will "free Cuba from economic and political dependence on the United States." Economists point out that such a claim is absurd: the island is only ninety miles from United States shores; it is the strategic military key to the Gulf of Mexico; its greatest customer is the United States; and it must export to live. But these arguments mean little to the Cuban masses, who have been told for many years that all the ills of Cuba are the work of the great "Octopus of the North."

The Cuban revolutionary government is now striving to make commercial treaties throughout the world. Since Cuba raises practically the same products as all its neighbors, there is little trade to be obtained in the Caribbean or in South America. Cuba has signed a trade treaty with the United Arab Republic for an exchange of products. However, this will be more or less a barter deal, since the U.A.R. does not have American dollars with which to buy Cuban sugar, tobacco, and other products.

For the next few years, Castro must continue to export sugar if he wishes to buy agricultural and industrial machinery and equipment. Any drop in Cuba's sugar production and the loss of its sugar quota in the United States would spell economic disaster.

How will Castro obtain the funds necessary for his agrarian reform and for the industrialization which he reiterates is a "must"?

Several weeks ago, he told the Cuban people that they must mobilize their savings for the industrialization of the island. He went on to say that Cuba will receive no help from abroad. Recently, he has announced that the government will issue "industrialization bonds," and has urged the people to buy them. Some of the workers have decided to invest a part of their wages in these bonds. However, the wealthy and middle classes, who are the only ones with savings, have shown no enthusiasm for them.

The launching of Castro's austerity program has jolted the free-spending, free-wheeling Cubans, and they are already beginning to grumble. The people of this island have often known poverty but they are not conditioned to planned austerity.

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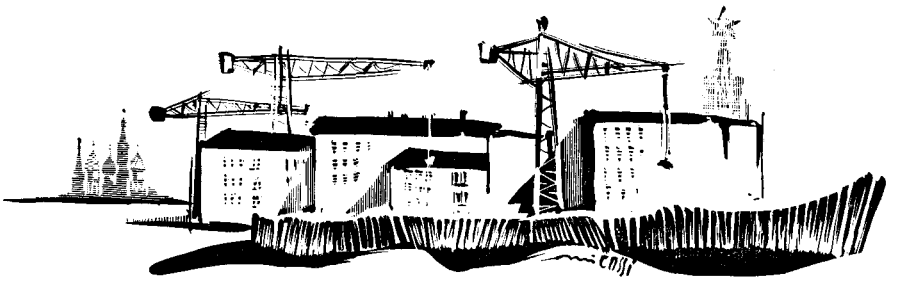

What the Russians See on TV

WALTER Z. LAQUEUR

"IT IS FORBIDDEN for children under sixteen to watch this film." I have no idea to what extent young television fans in the Soviet Union complied with this instruction. It introduced a Moscow television showing of a long feature movie dealing with efforts to get criminals on the right path again. A number of raids and burglaries were described fairly realistically, and the producers had doubts about its suitability for a young audience.

As in western countries, television has developed very rapidly in Russia. The weekly TV program is the most sought-after journal in Moscow. (Unlike the American *TV Guide* or the English *TV Times*, the Soviet equivalent consists of a single sheet for which you have to line up at the bookstalls.) In 1949 eighteen hundred sets were made; last year the figure was a million. There are about 1,250,000 sets in the Moscow area today, though only about a quarter of the Soviet Union is covered by existing transmitters. The sets offered for sale are of average quality by western standards and not particularly expensive. Sales are promoted by the government. The latest price reform increased the cost of cars (and vodka) and reduced that of television sets (and pork).

Transmitting time is much shorter than in Britain and only a fraction of the sixteen or seventeen hours put out by American stations. Moscow transmits two channels, most of the other stations only one. Here is a typical day's fare, presented on one of the Moscow stations last summer:

7 P.M.: Transmission starts with the "Children's Hour" ("On the Life of Insects").

7:30: "Musical Victorina," a musical quiz, which on the day in question lasted no less than seventy-five minutes. The subject was the Vienna of Johann Strauss the younger. Excerpts from Russian, American, Austrian, Hungarian, and German films were shown, and the viewers had to guess the name of the film or the tune. Small prizes were offered to those who got all the answers right.

8:45: A talk on international politics.

9:00: A feature film, *Life Passed By*, which was being shown at the time in the leading cinemas of the Soviet Union.

The film was followed by the late news.

On the second channel, which opens at 7:10 P.M., the first item had the expressive title "And That's What They Call Art." It was devoted to surrealism, and a number of horrible pictures were shown but not explained. This was followed by a newsreel that lasted about ten minutes. Then came a dramatization of one of the most important Soviet novels of the last thirty years, Leonid Leonov's *Russian Forest*. The last offering, which started at 9:10, was a performance by the singers and dancers of the Karachevo-Circassian State Ensemble.

Thus the evening entertainment lasts about three hours, occasionally a little longer. There are some programs about life in foreign countries, but these are devoted almost entirely to the works of (or about) "progressive" western writers, composers, etc. The end of July saw the beginning of a not unskillfully compiled series on "The Progressive Cinema in America in the 1930's," showing excerpts from such films as Chaplin's *City Lights* and *Modern Times*, John Ford's *The Grapes of Wrath*, Frank Capra's *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, King Vidor's *Our Daily Bread*, and works by Walter Wyler, Fritz Lang, and others. The commentator explained that these films presented a faithful picture of America as it was *at the time*. (A pleasing but unfortunately rare example of fairness.)

In reply to a musical quiz last December, three thousand letters from viewers are said to have arrived at the Moscow Television Center within three days. This may not sound impressive compared with listener reaction in the West, but it does show that Soviet television is incomparably more interesting and popular than the radio, with the deadly monotony of its news bulletins and running commentaries. In the streets and cafés and at work, Moscow people discuss the previous evening's television programs, but nobody ever mentions the radio.

SOVIET political leaders have been comparatively slow in recognizing the real significance of television. To begin with, television was regarded (as in the West) as a harmless toy, a mere appendage to radio. About two years ago, however, it began to be recognized that television is a "powerful aid in the cause of Communist education," to quote a recent article in *Kommunist*. Russian leaders are impressed by figures, especially large figures. It has been calculated that a Soviet film is seen and heard by more people on Moscow television than if it were shown for a fortnight in all the cinemas of the capital, and that Gorky's *The Lower Depths* would have to run before packed houses for fifty years to reach as large an audience as television provides on a single evening. It has been ascertained that despite its limited range, television in the Soviet Union already has as large an audience as the film industry.

On the strength of these figures, it has now been decided to give pri-

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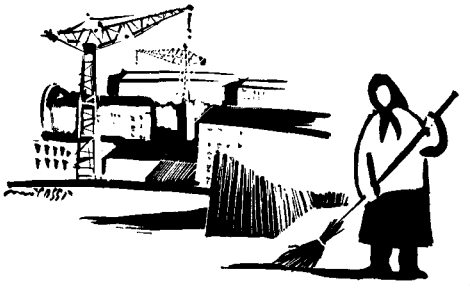
ority to television. Gigantic new transmitters and studios are under construction in Moscow and in many other parts of the Union. At the same time, however, a number of problems have arisen similar to those which television has raised in the West. Already there is rivalry between television and the cinema and theater. In the Soviet Union all new films and plays are broadcast immediately. The "vested interests" in the theater and cinema have asked for an interval of five or six years before films are released to television, but this request has been turned down because it was borrowed from the "bourgeois" West and because, according to the television pioneers, the new medium will do more good than harm to the theater and cinema by providing a good advertisement for them. As an example the television people point out that in Riga seventy-two stage plays were relayed from the city's theaters in the course of



fifteen months and all the new films that were shown in the cinemas during this period were also shown on television. And yet, so it is reported, attendance at the Riga cinemas and theaters was up by "more than one hundred per cent." The argument is familiar but its truth remains doubtful.

All the new films and plays in Moscow can account for no more than twelve to fifteen per cent of television transmitting time. How is the rest of the time to be filled? American television has at its disposal an almost unlimited number of Hollywood productions, not to mention British, French, and other films. The situation in the Soviet Union is quite different. At the beginning of the 1950's, hardly any new films were made. Latterly, things have improved and about ninety to a hundred films are being produced every year—which is still less than the number made in India or Egypt. There is also the film production of the East European countries and China, but for various reasons only a small proportion of these are suitable for showing in Russia. On the other hand, Moscow television does show foreign films that have never been seen in Soviet cinemas, including western films, mostly operettas and musicals of the 1930's and the beginning of the 1940's, which are immensely popular especially with girls and young women. They may not have heard of Marilyn Monroe, but they know all about Ginger Rogers.

"Soviet television is incomparably richer in content than that of the bourgeois West," we read in a party journal. According to the writer, "Everything in the West, including art, is bought and sold, everything is considered from a commercial point of view, and television is simply not in a position to reproduce truthfully the life, thought, and endeavors of the people."

It is true that the worst of Soviet television is not nearly as bad as the worst productions of the West. With a few praiseworthy exceptions, notably on Sundays, American television endeavors to cater to the lowest common denominator in its programs. Soviet television presents a program that can best be described as upper middlebrow. Every week there are several performances and concerts from leading theaters and concert halls. The popular scientific programs and the children's hour are excellent.

But even the best Soviet productions come nowhere near the standard of the best productions of the West. This may be due to a kind of double pressure that Soviet television planners have to work under. On the one hand is strict party censorship; on the other is the workers' reluctance to have politics rammed down their throats after a hard day's work. These pressures combine to make impossible any serious political discussion or controversy on social or cultural topics, or indeed any kind of controversial program at all. Hence there is a wholesale escape into the past or to completely safe subjects. Complaints have been made that of eighty-eight stage plays put on by the central television studio (not relayed direct from the theaters), only twenty-nine dealt with any sort of topical question, and that of forty-four youth programs only six had anything to do with the problems of young workers.

Recently the more successful programs have included eyewitness accounts of life in the various districts of Moscow, with a discussion of the municipal problems that concern every citizen. The western panel games such as "What's My Line?" have not yet been introduced on Soviet television but they probably soon will be, in a slightly modified form. A do-it-yourself program is also on the agenda. Recently Soviet television specialists have heard about educational television in America and intend to introduce regular series of university lectures on a great variety of subjects. The establishment of a "movie museum" (again on the American model) has also been suggested, in which excerpts from old films would be shown once a week. And in an effort to overcome the shortage of feature films, there is a plan to mobilize movie-camera amateurs, on the assumption that thousands of amateur films will include at least a few dozen of general interest.

No one in Moscow doubts that television will be a decisive factor in the social and cultural life of the Soviet Union. Stalin no doubt would have ordered the daily filming of *Pravda* editorials and articles. It is now realized that this just would not work and that mass education implies first of all that the masses must be attracted to TV by the pleasure they get from it.

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Gomulka's Crusade Against the Horse

S. L. SHNEIDERMAN

POLAND REVISITED after eighteen months shows striking signs of economic improvement. The Warsaw streets are brighter and cleaner; new apartment houses rise over ruins that had lain untouched for years. The long process of rebuilding the Bristol Hotel, well known to foreign visitors, is finished; the last of the scaffolding is gone and the nineteenth-century façade gleams whitely. There is a change in the guests, too: there are now more tourists from the United States and Western Europe than from the "People's Republics."

Warsaw is showing other signs of life. The art exhibitions display paintings of a wide range of schools, from post-impressionist to abstract—but not a sign of "socialist realism." A revelation to me was the first exhibit of religious art seen in Communist Poland. It was organized by the Club of the Catholic Intelligentsia and held in the vaulted cellars of Warsaw's Church of the Holy Cross. The painting, sculpture, and stained glass represented a departure from conventional, cliché-ridden *art sacré* and a search for fresh new forms.

Fresh too are the drama and cinema. A new play, *Jonasz and the Clown* by Jerzy Broszkiewicz, a young Communist, is a satire on snobs and careerists among the party theoreticians who grind out ideological declarations that violate their own convictions. A film based on *The Graveyard*, a novel by the self-exiled Polish writer Marek Hlasko, tells a story of life in the deep forests of Poland, where a group of outcasts from society haul out timber.

The passenger trains were full in the late summer days. Students and workers were on vacation. Many still complained about low pay and high prices, and some admitted that their vacations had been paid for by petty pilfering, which is now rampant in factories and shops. At the Warsaw courthouse on Leszno Street, in Room 17, I witnessed the trial for embezzlement of the manager, accountant, and a number of technicians at Plast, one of the largest government plastics factories. In other courtrooms throughout the gigantic building, dozens of similar though smaller cases were being tried. And I saw the same kind of thing in provincial courthouses.

Everybody knows that those who get caught are only a minute percentage of the people who engage in such "economic crimes." As I

moved about the country, the impression grew upon me that more and more Poles are contriving, by hook or by crook, to ease their economic lot.

The Horse and the Scooter

During the last several bitter years, Poles have sobered up from any romantic dreams they may have had of a new Miracle on the Vistula that would free their country from the grip of its Soviet neighbor. In both Chairman Khrushchev's and Vice-President Nixon's visits the Poles saw signs of a possible "relaxation of tension" and evidence that the Gomulka régime was increasingly stable. This stability manifests itself in the readiness of the people to accept the realities of their geopolitical position and to curb their natural impatience with the very slow improvement being made in their living standards.

I found one of the sources of this stability in a visit to the Cracow offices of the leading Catholic weekly, *Tygodnik Powszechny*, which is considered to represent the views of Cardinal Wyszynski. The editors began by criticizing the recent measures taken by the government against citizens' committees in towns and villages that have been raising funds to build new churches. They told me that the projected building of the first church in Nowa Huta has run into difficulties: the local authorities want to modify the plan for the church, which they fear will overshadow the tower of the Lenin steel mill.

At the same time, however, these young Catholic lay leaders admitted that they consider the fact that Poland is ruled by the Communist Party a reality from which there is no escape. "We," they stressed, "are against the Church's mixing into political affairs. We are opposed to clerical interference in elections. However, we claim full rights for the Church to intervene in moral affairs."

Concerning the economic situation in the country, they stated:

"We are for freedom of private initiative, not for the sake of private initiative but because it can do some things better than the government. We support Gomulka's efforts to mechanize agriculture through his Agricultural Circles, which rent machinery to individual peasants in order to help them raise the productivity of their farms."

As one of the young writers expressed it: "We don't fight to perpetuate the romantic era of the horse, an obsolete animal that eats up a large part of our farm products."

The Agricultural Circles and the crusade against the horse are one of the most acute issues in Poland. Professor Oscar Lange, one of the country's top economists, told me of the discussion at a recent party plenary session about the best approach to the issue. Lange emphasized that at the beginning there

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should be "coexistence between the horse and the tractor." The planners are fully aware that the horse, besides pulling the plow, serves the peasant as a means of transportation to market, to visit his neighbors, to go to church. "It is not enough," he said, "to give him a tractor. We have to provide him with means of transportation: motorcycles, scooters, and bicycles."

Such consideration for the daily needs of the people is in sharp contrast to the planners of the previous régime, who ignored the human element.

Nowa Huta and Cracow

I saw this new human emphasis very clearly during a visit to Nowa Huta, which the Stalinist régime had started to build as a model city of the new era and a counterweight to Cracow, that "center of reaction." Rudolf Pituch, assistant to the general director of the steel mill, took me on a tour of the plant. He was casual about production, which he said has already reached 1,500,000 tons a year and is scheduled to reach 3,500,000 in 1965. He made no effort to counteract my impression that the tempo of production in this ultramodern plant is slow. He was interested, however, in impressing me with the considerable improvement in working conditions and in the higher morale of the workers.

Nowa Huta celebrated its tenth anniversary on June 23, 1959. It was founded as a laboratory to develop the new Communist generation in Poland. The new city was intended to overshadow Cracow. It was, therefore, somewhat surprising to read in a booklet published by the city council that Nowa Huta is "the youngest quarter of old Cracow, the city of tradition, the city of culture and art, historic monuments, the most beautiful city in our beloved country." For me this was a telling indication of the changes in Poland since my last visit.

The Poles are aware of the fact that the fundamental achievements of the October, 1956, revolt remain unaltered, even if the term "October" is no longer in official use. They are showing increased confidence in Gomulka and believe that he is doing his best under the circumstances. Of course, they all wish these circumstances were different. But they are prepared to bend with the wind from the East, lest it destroy them altogether.

Censorship and Escapism

In general, Poles feel that Gomulka has somewhat constrained the intellectual ferment that originally opened his way to power. There is now more censorship, more bureaucratic interference. They admit, however, that there is a broad gap between the official propaganda line and the acts of the administration. The warnings of the régime against "heresy" and "deviation" are rarely translated into official repression. There is a conviction that the warnings and threats are more to pacify Moscow than to force writers into submission.

Nevertheless, even mild censorship has its effect. Writers have withdrawn from the public arena. Many now avoid delicate topics or ideological discussions of the kind that for three years had filled the columns of the Polish press. They now lean over backward, turning out memoirs, psychological novels, and dissertations on aesthetic problems, literary exercises that have little connection with present Polish realities.

A leading young Polish philosopher and standard bearer of the so-called "revisionists," Professor Leszek Kolakowski, is now working on a study of religious movements in the seventeenth century. The poet Adam Wazyk, author of the famous "Poem for Adults," which gave the signal for the 1956 revolt, is completing a novel of the 1930's. There is a big harvest of surrealistic poems.

I asked Professor Adam Schaff, the Gomulka régime's top Marxist theoretician, about this phenomenon. He tried to convince me that it is a passing phase and that ideological controversy is far from ended in Poland. "We are not afraid," the professor said, "to discuss a revision of Marxism, but we are definitely opposed to the liquidation of Marxism. The revisionists failed to carry their point in Poland because their philosophy was based entirely on negation. They had no positive program to offer the people.

"We are for a free exchange of ideas. We recognize that there are in Poland existentialist problems—problems of the individual, problems touching upon the meaning of life. In this respect, there is a great vacuum in the Marxist theories and we are prepared to discuss the matter."

Professor Schaff also told me: "We have long since come to a conviction that an exclusive monopoly for Marxism in the domain of creativity has a negative effect. We are for a free exchange of opinions and ideas among different viewpoints and schools. We are opposed to the idea that artistic conflicts should be solved by administrative measures. Such problems cannot be solved by party and government institutions but only by scientists and artists."

Poles are proud of their country's growing popularity in the western world. The slogan that Poland is the West of the East is no mere play on words. During July, August, and September, Warsaw was the scene of more international congresses and visits of prominent people from the West than was any western capital.

Moreover, each month more and more Soviet writers, scientists, and intellectuals come to Poland on official visits and vacation trips. They are amazed at the results that the relaxation of the Stalinist grip has brought about during Gomulka's relatively short time in power. In the Polish universities they see great activity, particularly in the humanities, literature, and art.

I HAD A VIVID ILLUSTRATION of this in an unexpected encounter in Cracow. In the lobby of the Hotel Francuski, I met the famous Soviet nuclear scientist Dr. Peter L. Kapitza. There had been many rumors that Kapitza, who is considered the father of the Soviet atom bomb and even of the Sputniks, was no longer in favor at the Kremlin. Yet he unhesitatingly invited me to his breakfast table.

He was, he told me, on his way with his family to the mountain resort of Zakopane, traveling in a 1959 Volga. Upon my remark that his unescorted trip through Poland was a sign of relaxation and perhaps a symbol that the atom is free, he answered jokingly: "You in the West are behind the times on many things, the psychological as well as the physical."

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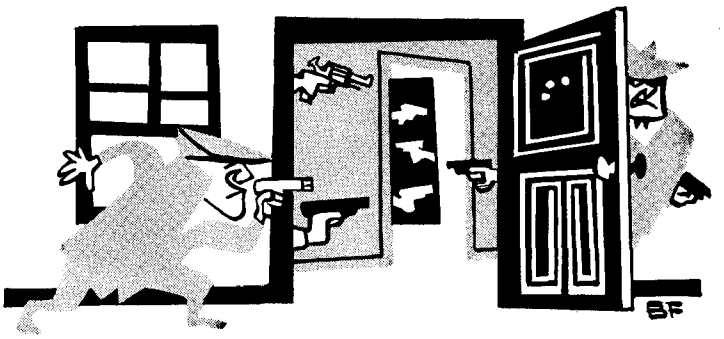

CHANNELS

The Conquest of Trigger Mortis

MARYA MANNES

THE RULING was passed in 1965, over the total opposition of the TV and radio networks and after ten years of controversy, six investigations, 483 juvenile murders, and the complete reorganization of the Federal Communications Commission. What finally pushed it through was the discovery of *trigger mortis* in a number of American children born in widely separated areas. In this malformation the index finger is permanently hooked, forcing partial contraction of the whole hand in the position required for grasping a revolver. "The gun," said a distinguished anthropologist, "has become an extension of the American arm."

This mutation had been suspected some time before by others, who had found it worthy of note that in 1959, for instance, American toy manufacturers had sold more than $60 million worth of guns and revolvers and that on any given day on television between one and ten o'clock there were more than fifteen programs devoted to violence, and that in each of these programs a gun was fired at least once and usually several times. The only difference between the programs was that in some the shooting was done out of doors and often from horses and that in others it was done in hotel rooms, bars, or apartments. The first category was called Western and was considered a wholesome fight between good men and bad men in healthy country; the second was called Crime and Detective and was considered salubrious in its repeated implication that "crime does not pay," although the women and the interiors shown were usually expensive and the criminal's life, though short, a rich one.

Although this wholesale preoccupation with killing by gun coincided for many years with the highest rate of juvenile crime ever known in this country, and with open access to firearms for all who desired them, television and radio violence was considered by most experts of minimal importance as a contributory cause of youthful killing. Psychiatrists, social workers, program directors, advertisers, and sponsors had a handy set of arguments to prove their point. These (with translation appended) were the most popular:

¶ Delinquency is a complex problem. No single factor is responsible. (Don't let's stick our necks out. Don't let's act. Don't let's lose money.)

¶ It's all a matter of the home. (Blame the parents. Blame the neighborhood. Blame poverty.)

¶ Crime and adventure programs are a necessary outlet for natural childhood aggressions. (Keep the little bastards quiet while Mummy fixes supper.)

¶ We don't really know what influences children. (Let's wait till they kill somebody.)

¶ Only disturbed or abnormal children are affected by what they see on programs. (And they are a minority. Let their psychiatrists worry about them.)

EVERYBODY was very pleased with these conclusions, particularly the broadcasters, who could continue presenting thirty shootings a day secure in those sections of their old printed Code, which stated: ". . . such subjects as violence and sex shall be presented without undue emphasis and only as required by plot development or character delineation"; and "Television shall exercise care in . . . avoiding material which is excessively violent or would create morbid suspense, or other undesirable reactions in children." These same officials continued also to exercise care in not letting their own children look at the programs of violence which they broadcast.

So for years, and in spite of sporadic cries of alarm and protest from parents and a number of plain citizens, there were always enough experts to assure the public that crime and violence had nothing to do with crime and violence, and that gunplay was entertainment. Psychiatrists continued to say things like this about young killers: "The hostility, festering perhaps from the time he had been trained to the toilet, screamed for release," and educational groups came out periodically with reports on delinquency in which a suggested solution would be "to orient norm-violating individuals in the population towards a law-abiding lower-class way of life."

Dialogues like the following were frequent in Congressional investigations. This one occurred in a hearing of the Senate subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency in 1954:

SENATOR: "In your opinion, what is the effect of these Western movies on children?"

EXPERT: "No one knows anything about it."

SENATOR: "Well, of course, you know that little children 6, 7, 8 years old now have belts with guns. Do you think that is due to the fact that they are seeing these Western movies and seeing all this shooting?"

EXPERT: "Oh, undoubtedly."

In the early 1950's, psychiatrist Fredric Wertham, from whose *The*

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Circle of Guilt the above was quoted, began a relentless campaign against what he called, in another book, *The Seduction of the Innocent*. Concentrating at first on horror and crime

comics, the doctor moved inevitably into other fields of mass communication and provided impressive evidence along the way that although their gigantic dosage of violence could not be the sole factor in child criminality, it could certainly be considered a major one.

In attacking the slogan "It's all up to the home," he wrote: "Of course the home has a lot to do with it. But it is wrong to accuse the home as a cause in the usual abstract way, for the home is inseparable from other social circumstances to which it is itself vulnerable. . . . A hundred years ago the home could guard the children's safety; but with the new technological advances, the modern parent cannot possibly carry this responsibility. We need traffic regulations, school buses, school zones and police to protect children from irresponsible drivers. Who will guard the child today from irresponsible adults who sell him incentives, blueprints and weapons for delinquency?"

Wertham also countered the familiar claim that youthful violence was a result of wars by stating that it was not backed up by any scientific, concrete study and that neither the Second World War nor the Korean War explained the phenomenon: ". . . after the First World War the type of brutal violence currently committed on a large scale by the youngest children was almost unknown."

But Wertham was dismissed by many of his colleagues and much of the public as a man obsessed; too aggressively and intemperately committed to one cause—the rape of children's minds by mass communications—to be seriously considered. And the broadcasters and crime-comic publishers, first needled and exasperated by him, soon were able to view him with calm detachment as a crackpot. Thirty murders a day continued on the screen.

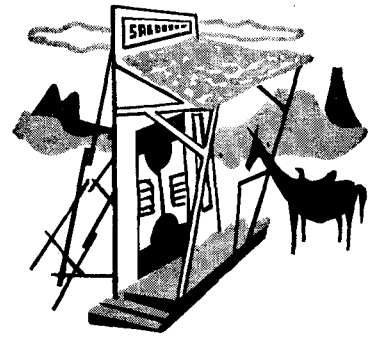
THEN, EARLY IN 1959, the Nuffield Foundation in England put out a thick book called *Television and the Child*, by Hilde T. Himmelweit, A. N. Oppenheim, and Pamela Vince. For four years they examined thousands of children in five cities and of every class and background, and to this they joined a survey of American programming and viewing. They did not confine themselves to programming specifically for children, since it had long been obvious in England, as it was here, that children usually watched adult programs in preference. In more than four hundred pages of meticulous research, scientific detachment, and careful reasoning, they came to certain conclusions—the basis for a weight of further evidence that led, seven years later, to government intervention into broadcasting practices. Here are a few of their findings about the twenty per cent of programs seen by children in their peak viewing hours that are devoted to aggression and violence:

"At the center of preoccupation with violence is the gun. Everyone has a gun ready for immediate use—even the barbers and storekeepers, who are not cowboys. People in Westerns take guns for granted. . . . Finally, while guns are used mostly for killing, they are also let off for fun. Nevertheless, guns spell power, they make people listen, and force them to do what is wanted.

"It is said that these programmes have two main desirable effects; they teach the lesson that crime does not pay; and they provide a harmless outlet through fantasy for the child's hostile feelings. We shall take issue with both statements. . . . The lesson as taught in these programmes is entirely negative (it is best not to offend against the law) . . . To present such a one-sided view, repeated week after week, is contrary to the recognized educational principle that a moral lesson, to be effective, must teach what should be done as well as what should not be done.

"More serious is the fact that . . . the child may equally well learn other, less desirable lessons from these programmes; that to shoot, bully, and cheat is allowed, provided one is on the right side of the law; and that relationships among people are built not on loyalty and affection but on fear and domination. . . ."

As for being a "harmless outlet for aggressive feelings," the authors—quoting the testimony of Dr. Eleanor E. Maccoby of Harvard that this discharge in fantasy alters nothing in the child's real life and so has no lasting value—write that when aggressive feelings exist, "They are not as a rule discharged on viewing crime and violence." "We cite three sets of data . . . [which] show that aggressive feelings are just as likely to be aroused as to be lessened through viewing these programmes—indeed, this seems more often to be the case." And, quoting Dr. Maccoby again, ". . . the very children who are presumably using the movie as an outlet for their aggressive feelings are the ones who



carry away the aggressive content in their memories, for how long we do not know."

MISS HIMMELWEIT and her colleagues sum up as follows: "It is suggested that crime and violence programmes increase tension and anxiety, increase maladjustment and delinquent behaviour, teach children techniques of crime, blunt their sensitivity to suffering and, related to this, suggest to them that conflict is best solved by aggression.

"Our findings and those of Maccoby suggest, then, that these programmes do not initiate aggressive, maladjusted, or delinquent behaviour, but may aid its expression. They may not affect a stable child,

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but they may evoke a response in the 5-10 per cent of all children who are disturbed or at least emotionally labile, 'a group to be reckoned with by all the responsible people in the field of mass communications.' "

"We find . . . ," says the Nuffield Report, closing this chapter, "evidence that [these programs] may retard children's awareness of the serious consequences of violence in real life and may teach a greater acceptance of aggression as the normal, manly solution of conflict. . . . Just as a nation improves public hygiene when the evidence *suggests, without necessarily proving it* [my italics], that harm may otherwise result, so, we think, there is need of remedial action here."

THE NUFFIELD REPORT authors had obviously fallen into the error of blaming the industry instead of the child. For in most "acceptable" studies of television and its influence, wrote Wertham, "the assumption seems to be that when anything goes wrong the child must be morbid but the entertainment normal. Why not assume . . . that our children are normal, that they like adventure and imagination, that they can be stimulated to excitement, but that maybe something is wrong with what they are looking at? Why assume that they need death and destruction . . . ?"

Voices, voices, voices. "Beefs," "squawks," the broadcasters called these surges of protest year after year. And they would point with pride to the one children's program out of ten that was educational, the one out of twenty that had no shooting.

But their biggest defense became, in the end, their undoing. They had assured themselves that by removing the physical effects of violence, the violence was stripped of its harm. They showed no blood, no close-ups of agony, no open wounds, no last convulsions of a riddled body. Men were shot, they clapped their hands to their stomachs and either fell forwards or backwards as the camera panned away and returned to the gun. And while the broadcasters felt this a noble concession to the sensibilities of young viewers ("Brutality or physical agony," says the NBC Code, "is not presented in detail nor indicated by offensive sound or visual effects"), they were in actuality presenting, day after day, two great immoralities: that shooting is clean—and easy. To pull a trigger requires neither strength nor skill nor courage: it is the bullet that kills. And to kill with a gun is quick and painless. Hero or criminal, both were cowards who answered questions by pulling triggers. This was the daily lesson for sixty million children for twenty years.

Until, of course, the people finally rose. Some cool legal heads first managed to draft legislation banning the sale of pornographic and sensational printed material without in any way curbing individual liberty or preventing the sale of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or Aristophanes. And then came the famous FCC ruling Bylaw A 41-632. In effect, this gave the FCC, by then reorganized into a body of able and dedicated communications experts who functioned in areas of human values as well as in electronics, the power to revoke the license of any broadcaster showing fictionalized killing, whether by gun or knife or bludgeon, without also displaying the natural consequences to the person killed. The bill as originally drawn was a forthright ban on all fictionalized killing except by direct bodily means, without weapons: killing had to involve strength, skill, and direct physical involvement. But after long wrangling, the later version was adopted as being less tainted by censorship and more practicable. For if a program showing a killing had to show a head blown to bits at close range, or blood gushing from mouth and nose, or a jagged stomach wound—all natural results of shooting—the sponsor would not sell many goods. It was therefore far easier to cut out guns entirely.

FAR EASIER, that is, for everyone but the writers. After the law was put into effect, there was mass unemployment among the television writers in Hollywood and New York. They had relied so long on their collaborator, the gun, that they were incapable of writing a plot without it. As Wertham quoted an experienced TV crime writer: "You have to work backwards. You're given a violent situation and you have to work within that framework." Start with the murder and then fit in the people. And suddenly the poor writers had to think up situations where people and ideas provided the excitement instead of a Colt 45. It was a period of anguish none of them will forget.

But for every ten writers who became alcoholics or joined insurance firms, one began to tap resources he had never used and to write well and truly for the first time. And after a hiatus of incredible sterility, when frantic producers threw in anything innocuous, however old and poor, to fill up the time formerly used by crime plays and Westerns, television slowly began to get better and better, more inventive both in the uses of realism and fantasy.

A new generation of American children grew up with no appetite for guns and no illusions about the fun of painless killing. Instead they learned judo or, through compulsory strenuous exercises then conducted daily by their schools, became a race of confident acrobats, able to show their prowess in feats of skill, daring, and endurance without knifing, stomping, or shooting anyone.

Disarmament—at least of the young—was finally a fact.

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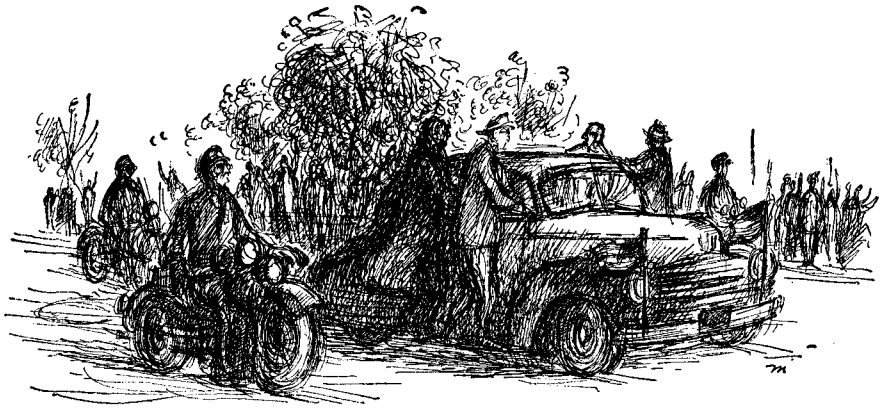
PRESS



Saturation Coverage

BENJAMIN BRADLEE

A SWIFT KICK by an angry Iowa farmer at the shins of a New York *Times* reporter may well turn out to be a significant warning to the American press. It was delivered last month in a barnyard by Roswell "Bob" Garst, hopelessly cornered like a wounded bear by a pack of three hundred reporters and photographers as he tried to explain the facts of agricultural automation to his distinguished guest, Nikita S. Khrushchev. The kick was received with pained dignity by Harrison Salisbury, one of the *Times's* Pulitzer Prize correspondents. But for many observers, the kick was aimed—and justly aimed—at the press itself.

The press did not cover the Khrushchev story. It smothered the Khrushchev story. In the process, it distorted almost beyond recognition the America that Khrushchev saw, and by its very presence created other stories. On the same day Salisbury was kicked, the chief of the *Times's* Khrushchev task force, James Reston, said: "They [the reporters] are not the obscure witnesses of history, but the principal characters in the drama, whose very presence is so ubiquitous that most of the time Mr. Khrushchev is addressing them, or addressing others with them in mind."

The truth is that in this Golden Age of Communications, whenever the press participates massively in history it changes history, and it thereby abdicates its role of reporting the news in favor of actually making the news. Whenever the press deploys to cover a story in depth, the sacred right to know is trampled in an undisciplined scramble by hundreds of reporters and photographers for "knowledge" which certainly all of them do not need and which many of them do not even use. In the scramble, false images are created (which part of the press thereupon often innocently criticizes), new dimensions are artificially added, and the true place of the story in history is changed. The story becomes increasingly difficult if not impossible to cover honestly.

The Khrushchev tour was but the latest eruption of this potentially fatal sickness. There were symptoms at the Geneva Conference of April, 1954: more than a thousand reporters angrily fighting each other for fifty copies of a trivial Chou-En-lai statement; more than three hundred reporters (most of them American) changing a North Korean press conference into a sterile political debate. There were different symptoms at Little Rock, where the massive presence of the press drastically changed the Little Rock story, if only by involving local citizens more than they would normally have involved themselves. But in the Khrushchev tour, the press turned against itself as it never had before, and in more different and destructive ways.

No journalist interested in the future of his calling, already widely described as "the diminishing profession," can fail to see the danger signals strewn in Khrushchev's wake. Here, for purposes of identification, is a list of these danger signals.

The "D-Day" syndrome: This is the easiest to spot—and the hardest to cure. Assignment sheets become battle plans, complete with maps and precise schedules drawn up weeks in advance. Wire services assign fifty-man combat teams to a city, and countless smaller patrols are sent out by major newspapers. Networks put more than five hundred broadcasters, telecasters, and cameramen in accreditation uniform. Reporters are deployed like troops, sped from battlefield to battlefield in escorted convoys, moved from theater to theater in special planes between midnight and dawn.

The real danger in the "D-Day" syndrome's elaborate paraphernalia is that to justify its costly existence it must be used, and in the very act of using it the press creates a breathlessness and urgency and chaos that makes straight reporting all but impossible.

In the "D-Day" syndrome, regular correspondents become war correspondents. In Iowa, UPI's Stewart Hensley filed stories via walkie-talkie radio from the front lines of a sorghum field, drowning out much of the dialogue between Khrushchev and Garst with a series of "And now the Soviet premier is walking slowly to an ensilage pit. Can you read me? Over." Motorcades are escorted not only by military police but by a fleet of hot-rod crash-helmeted motorcyclists who pick up copy and film from press cars at eighty miles an hour and then peel off for their home offices. Railroad-station platforms become emergency communications centers, specially equipped to speed news from Trenton, New Jersey, or Salinas, California, as far as Paris and Milan. At war-like canteens everywhere, reporters gather over coffee and doughnuts to relate their latest exploits, like pilots refighting air battles with their hands. Elaborate plans are laid for every contingency. One reporter spent five hours in the Seventy-ninth Street station of the Eighth Avenue subway

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before learning that Khrushchev would not be coming there, then flew to Los Angeles ahead of Khrushchev and was immediately assigned to Disneyland, where again K failed to appear. The tour was six days old before the reporter finally laid eyes on Khrushchev, in Santa Barbara.

Is there any justification for this paraphernalia of war? In theory, perhaps, if it produced exclusive stories. But, during Khrushchev's entire two-week stay in the United States, there was only one "beat" worthy of the name—Reston's story in the *Times* revealing that Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge had been instructed to stop disagreeing publicly with Khrushchev and simply to get him to Camp David in a good mood. And Reston dug that story up in Washington before he joined the Khrushchev tour.

In theory, too, there might also be some justification if it produced some special coverage in words or pictures remotely commensurate with the time and money expended. In fact, the rarest of all photographs was a picture of Khrushchev unsurrounded by photographers and reporters. *Life* magazine advertised that it had assigned "42 crack reporters and photographers" to the Khrushchev tour. What did they produce? In the two Khrushchev issues, out of forty-one pictures connected with the tour, only twenty-four were taken by *Life* photographers. Except for one 138-line piece by staff writer John Osborne, the *Life* reporters produced only 147 lines of copy—less than fifteen hundred words. This means, by rough estimate, that *Life's* editors published one picture for every 254 man-hours and one line of copy for every thirty man-hours put in by its "crack" team.

The "Hey, Khrushchev" syndrome: The cover of *Life* for October 5, 1959, showed a full-color Khrushchev roaring his delight as he waved a fat ear of corn at the Garst farm in Iowa. It did not show the great difficulties overcome by the photographers before snapping this picture—perhaps the most popular of the entire tour. "Hey, Khrushchev," the photographers shouted. "Pick up an ear of corn and wave it around." Khrushchev listened stolidly to the translation, hesitated, put his hand tentatively on an ear. "That's it," the photographers cheered. "Now, wave it." And Khrushchev waved it.

At Hyde Park, New York, where Khrushchev was in a particularly sour mood after being "insulted" by big businessmen the night before, it was: "Hey, Khrushchev. We won't shoot you. Just wave good-by to Mrs. Roosevelt." And Khrushchev waved. At Santa Barbara, California, it was "Hey, Khrushchev, pick that little boy up in your arms," and again Khrushchev obeyed, adding the father image to the composite picture the photographers were creating. In Washington there was a minor variation. "Hey, Lodge," the photographers shouted this time in the vaulted silence of the Lincoln Memorial. "Bring him over here again." Lodge, at least as sensitive to photographers as Khrushchev, brought him once more into close-up range, and thus was the world treated to the pictures of Khrushchev bowing his head before the giant statue of Abraham Lincoln.

Khrushchev may well have wanted to wave an ear of corn or wave good-by to Mrs. Roosevelt, or pick up children, or even bow his head in homage to Lincoln, but the fact is that he did so in each instance at the behest of photographers, who thus created the image by which Khrushchev will henceforth be best known in America.

Although photographers are particularly susceptible to the "Hey, Khrushchev" syndrome, the writing press is not immune. Reporters wrote many thousands of words describing Khrushchev as a corn-waving, baby-kissing politician, happily duplicating the image created by their photographer colleagues.

The "private eye" syndrome: Exposed to this syndrome, reporters become detectives, matching resourcefulness and aggressiveness against the obstacles in the way of covering the story "properly." (The major obstacle, of course, is the presence of too many reporters and photographers.) The "private eye" syndrome strikes primarily the "specials"—the feature writers, photographers, columnists, and magazine correspondents whose area of responsibility includes more "color" than hard news.

On the Khrushchev tour, the "private eye" syndrome was responsible for the complete breakdown of the pool system, and this in turn was responsible for much of the chaos. Long before Khrushchev landed at Washington, the State Department had prepared a list of twenty-six pools—teams consisting of eight representatives from morning and evening dailies, periodicals, wire services, television, radio, still photography, and newsreels. In theory, each complete incident in Khrushchev's day would be covered close up by the pool team; a new pool would take over for the next incident and the old pool would brief the rest of the press, who—again in theory—had remained too far in the background to catch the proverbs and the boasts as Khrushchev uttered them.

In practice, the specials concentrated much of their resourcefulness in getting a place in the official motorcade, a choice position throughout the trip. In Des Moines, Peter Lisagor of the Chicago *Daily News*, Andrew Tully of Scripps-Howard, and a few other nonpool members assigned to the background for one morning crashed the motorcade very easily. Lisagor hired a Drive-Ur-Self car, attached to its windshield a crudely lettered sign reading "STATE DEPARTMENT 1A," and slipped into the motorcade just in front of the limousine carrying Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. This

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resourcefulness doubled the size of the pool, and redoubled the efforts of those not included to do the same thing. By the time the tour reached Pittsburgh there were more reporters and photographers in the pool than in the background.

In San Francisco, the private eyes really outdid themselves with a frontal assault on a supermarket that caused $2,000 worth of damage to merchandise carefully displayed for Khrushchev's inspection. But the *reductio ad absurdum* was reached by a CBS correspondent who managed to lay his hands on the small yellow-and-red lapel button that indicated an official member of the Khrushchev tour. At one point, to preserve his disguise he was forced to join hands with Soviet security agents to keep his fellow journalists away from Khrushchev.

This resourcefulness doubtless delighted the private eyes themselves, and presumably their editors, even if it did not produce much copy. But surely this is carrying fun and games a long way.

The "Khrushchev and Me" syndrome: Sob sisters and small-town reporters are particularly susceptible to this ailment, which can be positively diagnosed when the first "I" appears in a story. As it runs its course the "Khrushchev and Me" syndrome creates a totally false relationship between the hero of the story and the writer that is the opposite of honest reporting.

On the Khrushchev tour, the worst signs of this syndrome could be seen in the reports of Hearst columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, who covered Khrushchev's arrival in Washington in a $27,500 silver-gray Rolls Royce. Fifteen minutes after Khrushchev landed in America for the first time, Miss Kilgallen wrote, he "thrust out his tummy and waved at ME."

On the Khrushchev train from Los Angeles to San Francisco, a Santa Barbara reporter was so grimly determined to get a "Khrushchev and Me" story that he approached the State Department representatives with the following proposition: If the State Department would invite Khrushchev to walk through the press cars and shake hands with the "many reporters who have been unable to see you," the press would agree to remain seated and silent. The State Department agreed to transmit the invitation provided no member of the press objected. Arthur Sylvester of the Newark *Evening News* and others objected immediately on the logical ground that it was wrong to submit to a restriction which could later be imposed on the press by any VIP. The project was dropped, but then Khrushchev walked through the press cars voluntarily, and a torrent of "Khrushchev and Me" stories resulted.

The "living legend" syndrome: Any big story—a World Series, a summit conference, or a Khrushchev tour—attracts two groups of journalists: the reporters and the experts. The latter group alone falls prey to the "living legend" syndrome. (The syndrome was named for, and by, one of the experts, Harry Schwartz of the New York *Times,* who was heard to complain during the Khrushchev tour that Soviet-affairs experts had to be doubly careful about what they wrote, because they were "living legends.") This syndrome forces the expert to "expertize," regardless of whether the events involved lend themselves to expert analysis. In fact, most major stories, especially those which unfold under klieg lights, lend themselves more readily to such analysis before and after they happen than while they are happening. But the Soviet-affairs expert is an expert twenty-four hours a day, and he was hard at work on the Khrushchev tour.

The "living legend" syndrome reached the epidemic stage on the nine-hour train ride from Los Angeles to San Francisco, Sunday, September 20. The night before, Khrushchev had taken violent exception to Los Angeles Mayor Norris Poulson and had publicly stated that his TU-104 could take him back to Moscow in less than eight hours. On the strength of this threat, one group of experts was already on the street with stories that the tour was collapsing. Just before the train pulled out of Los Angeles, an official Los Angeles greeter, Victor Carter, had told Khrushchev he was not an Armenian as K had guessed, but "a Jew from Rostov." According to these experts, this "hidden reference" to Soviet anti-Semitism and to Khrushchev's role in the Ukraine would force Khrushchev to make good his threat to return. Then when Khrushchev stayed in his compartment at the first scheduled stop, the experts were doubly convinced. En route to Santa Barbara, the next stop, they wrote stories documenting their conviction. One of the most distinguished of the Soviet-affairs experts, Michel Gordey of *France-Soir,* told his colleagues that in four years of covering Khrushchev he had never seen him so disturbed.

But at Santa Barbara the climate changed dramatically. Where there had been scowling darkness, there was now smiling light, as Khrushchev mingled with the hospitable high-income crowd. The threats of less than twelve hours before vanished like steam, and the experts were in trouble. One nationally syndicated columnist put out a "kill" at Salinas on the gloomy column he had filed from Los Angeles, and filed an optimistic substitute from Sausalito. The experts became discouraged, and by the time a beaming Khrushchev came handshaking through the press cars, they had little to say. As the tour progressed, they lowered themselves into the pools with the rest of the working press.

THESE THEN are the danger signals to American journalism—to honest journalism at any rate—that were flashed on the Khrushchev tour with particular urgency. Can anything be done about it?

To begin with, it seems to me that the pool system must be strictly policed by the press itself, with no favoritism tolerated. The pool system is not perfect, but without it a major historical event can become tawdry farce. And photographers must somehow be persuaded (or ordered) that a picture should represent something that happened, not something that was made to happen. Last but not least, the authorities in charge of staging such major historical events as the Khrushchev tour must learn their job. As things now stand, they are far too intimidated by the press—when they are not themselves publicity-happy or (hungry). They must find a better formula for equating the right of the press to know with the right of an event to happen.

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MUSIC

The 'Daily Nothings' of M. Montand

NAT HENTOFF

YVES MONTAND, the most popular French male entertainer since the war, has made his first American appearance in a one-man show which is now at the Longacre in New York. His performance emphasizes the drastic decline in the quality of American popular entertainment over the past few years. The French entertainer on the postgraduate level of Chevalier, Charles Trenet, Edith Piaf, and Montand must still be able to do more than sing. He combines music, pantomime, acting, and sometimes dancing so that during his two hours on stage he creates a neighborhood of people and events and makes *"les petits riens quotidiens"* seem as important as they are to those who live them. Only a very few American entertainers—primarily Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis, Jr.—can hold a stage for an evening without sounding like a jukebox. And even Sinatra and Davis are limited by their material to essentially two-dimensional performances. They create no illusion larger than themselves.

The major interpreters of the *chanson populaire,* on the other hand, have songs of much more solidity to build on than the increasingly transitory American "hits." Even vintage American standards by Gershwin, Porter, Kern, and Rodgers and Hart have rarely been as whimsically matter-of-fact about "the little daily nothings" as the better French music-hall songs. And on the level of lyrical content and wit alone, the death of Larry Hart and the growing brittleness of Cole Porter have left little in American popular music but the virtuous banalities of Oscar Hammerstein and his school and, in recent years, the mindless hiccups of rock 'n' roll.

IN FRANCE, pungently individual and inventive writers like Jacques Prévert and Georges Brassens usually compose specifically for certain performers.They write songs with which large audiences can feel themselves involved and which sophisticated listeners can also appreciate for their style and perception. Their more imaginative work stays in the singers' repertoires—and often passes into general circulation —for many years. Montand, for example, introduced Prévert's "Autumn Leaves" thirteen years ago, and Jean Giugo's "Luna Park" has been identified with him for more than a decade.

"Luna Park" is characteristic of the *chanson populaire.* A factory hand, who "screws on the same damned bolt" every day, takes his little time off for jaunts at an amusement park where he can see the girls'

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underwear, hear the music on the public-address system, and above all, be greeted as a *person* by the concessionaires and the other regulars. "It's my family." His work is dirty and impersonal, but in Luna Park he finds pleasure and an identity.

Another is "Les Grands Boulevards," which details the evening pleasures of an auto worker in walking the busy Paris streets, looking at the windows, lottery booths, and bazaars. Confirmed urbanites who never want to be without a place to buy a paper at two in the morning will understand the song fully.

The love songs Montand chooses are direct, unashamedly tender, and have little of the masochistic caterwauling of most postwar American ballads. Without being explicit or at all leering, they usually end up in bed, not in cutting out "a paper doll that I can call my own." One is Jacques Prévert's "Simple Comme Bonjour": "Why speak of a great love or sing of the great life . . . Our love is happy just to be, and that's enough for it."

These and other songs from Montand's repertoire are contained in *One Man Show: Yves Montand* (Columbia WL 150), recorded in 1958 at the Théâtre de l'Etoile in Paris. Other available sets are *Yves Montand* (Capitol T-10160) and several French imports that are now being distributed in American record stores—*10 Chansons Pour L'Eté* (Odeon OSX 136), *Recital Yves Montand* (Odeon OSX 101, 102) and *Succès du Recital* 1958 (Odeon OSX 142). The newest is *Chansons Populaires de France* (Monitor 324).

ONE of the reasons for Montand's continuing popularity is that he looks like the people he sings about. Always dressed on stage in a carefully casual brown sport shirt and brown slacks, he has the rugged build and face of the workman he once was. When, in "Un Garçon Dansait," he acts out the embarrassing audition of a perpetual failure who dreams of being Fred Astaire, Montand *is* helplessly untalented, and his face, with its vulnerable nose, does crack in disappointment. But there at Luna Park he *is* taller, free of his dehumanizing job and proud to be recognized by everyone.

Montand has little trouble cutting through language barriers. At the Longacre there is a written program with paraphrases of the songs, and he introduces each number in painfully memorized English, but the people he becomes are universal enough—in the western urban tradition, anyway—to spring alive clearly through gesture and through his mirror of a face.

Appearing in America was a challenge for Montand, and he took it on at considerable initial cost. In Europe, he makes as much as $15,000 a week in theaters, but he played Broadway for Equity scale and a percentage of the profits. Montand sees any audience as a being which, in spite of itself, "wants to eat us." He came to New York known mainly if at all as a superior straight actor (he was one of the leads in *Wages of Fear*) and not as a singer. After opening night, however, his fears of being cannibalized were greatly lessened. The American audiences have been large and warm, and the critics, too, were won.

In whatever country he's in—and he has performed throughout Europe and the Near East—Montand takes whatever precautions are possible against the carnivores. He is a relentless worker on his material and almost as expert as Chevalier in perfecting the illusion of spontaneity. He lights and stages his own shows, and as a result, electricians and musicians have to be continually alert for cues. "Imagine an American singer cuing that many gestures!" an American record-company official exclaimed at a preview performance. "Especially when most only know three or four."

Montand selects his material with rigorous care. Once chosen, the lyrics are first thoroughly absorbed, and then the music. By the time he feels he knows a song, it has become, as he puts it, *"en place"* in his body as well as in his head.

MONTAND'S background and early life were apt for a career of singing of and to a public that P. E. Schneider has described in the New York *Times* as "that large sector of the population who still prefer an old-fashioned café to a neon-lined bar and a petit bistro to a gleaming 'self-service,' as cafeterias are called in France."

Born Yves Livi in Italy in 1921, Montand was taken to Marseilles at two. He grew up on the toughening Marseilles waterfront, left school to work, and became a waiter, apprentice barman, laborer in a spaghetti factory, and hairdresser. Fascinated by Charles Trenet, he tried out an act of his own when he was eighteen, learning his new trade in small music halls and neighborhood movie houses. Between engagements, he had other jobs, including stretches as a longshoreman and a welder. Meanwhile, he was constantly practicing and studying (ballet as well as diction).

MONTAND came to Paris in 1944 and was encouraged by Edith Piaf, who told him, however, that he was hardly convincing in the show-business personality he was then trying to create--a cowboy. With new material, he flopped in the historically hypercritical cities of Lyons and Marseilles. But back in Paris he was tumultuously successful at the Théâtre de l' Etoile that same year, and has been amassing francs and prestige ever since.

He has been married for ten years to actress Simone Signoret, who subordinates her very successful career to his, almost always accompanies him on his tours, and is at the theater every night when she is with him. Both had been turned down for American visas frequently because of past political activity, but the State Department changed its mind several months ago.

There has been no indication in his American program that Montand threatens our institutions. His only "political" song, the anti-Franco "Flamenco de Paris," is the worst on the program. He stands rigidly as if in a poster for a mass meeting and shoots out the words with a self-conscious harshness that is at awkward variance with the rest of his approach. It is hard to go from "Luna Park," "Les Feuilles Mortes," and other *"petits riens quotidiens"* to the big questions of our time. The rest of Montand's world in music goes on as if there were no question whatsoever that there will always be a familiar tomorrow—and in that respect, perhaps, he provides his audiences with the most welcome illusion of all.

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MOVIES

Mighty Mouse

JAY JACOBS

IF IT ACCOMPLISHES nothing else, the Anglo-American film *The Mouse That Roared* substantiates a theory I've entertained since watching Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Macmillan co-starring in a television program last summer: namely, that the two great English-speaking nations are capable of putting on a pretty funny show when they get their heads together over some of the larger issues of the day. The picture, which is currently playing in England and which will soon be released here by Columbia, is an amusing, refreshingly arch job based on a novel by Leonard Wibberley. It pokes a good deal of fun at a number of aspects of the contemporary scene that the movies have heretofore hardly considered prime material for levity (e.g., the State Department, foreign aid, the arms race, motion-picture audiences, and the movies themselves). If, as I most devoutly hope, this signifies that the movies are finally getting around—or, more accurately, *back*—to the point where they are ready to do a little roaring themselves, it's a development in the medium's history that I consider at least as praiseworthy as the invention of the sound track, and one for which I'd gladly sacrifice Cinerama, Vista-Vision, Todd A-O, stereophonic sound, and all the other brave new gimmicks of the last few years.

Mr. Wibberley's story concerns the duchy of Grand Fenwick, a wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous, and thoroughly anachronistic autonomy in the French Pyrenees, whose prosperity is put on the skids by a cheap California imitation of its only exportable commodity, a wine. The solution to the little nation's fiscal difficulties, it is decided, is to declare war on, and promptly surrender to, the United States, thereby making the duchy eligible for the unstinting generosity this nation customarily accords its vanquished foes. As often happens, however (*vide* Burns), a hitch develops when the Fenwickian invasion force, consisting of twenty reluctant conscripts clad in mail and carrying longbows and suitcases, is entrusted to the command of the local game warden and hereditary field marshal, an utter incompetent who blunders his way to victory.

THIS unexpected development comes about as a result of the field marshal's inability to cope with the arcana of a standard New York City guidebook. While looking for someone properly authorized to accept his surrender, he, like many a bemused tourist before him, gets lost trying to negotiate a crossing of Central Park. Finally emerging from that wilderness in utter confusion, he marches his footsore force into the laboratory of a physicist on the upper East Side, where he discovers, and impetuously decides to commandeer, a new nuclear weapon that makes the hydrogen bomb seem like kid stuff. With the bomb, a completely unreliable device resembling a cast-iron football, in its possession, the Fenwickian army, now too hot for anyone to manhandle, returns in triumph to a land confidently expecting defeat.

The scene that occurs at this point, when the gleeful populace of Grand Fenwick turns out to hail its conquered heroes—and ingratiate itself with the expected occupation forces—is superb: the hereditary grand duchess, the nominal ruler of the place (an auntly type played by Peter Sellers), beams like a garden-party hostess whose presumptuous invitation to a social lion has unaccountably been accepted; the unctuous prime minister (also played by Mr. Sellers in a deft parody of a stock Hollywood type) and the leader of the loyal opposition (a truculent, cuff-shooting little cockney, played by Leo McKern) fall all over each other in their congratulatory fervor; and the common people—consisting largely of uncommonly handsome wenches happily anticipating some

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lucrative fraternization with American G.I.s—mill about brandishing welcoming placards ("ANY GUM CHUM?"), while one disconsolate-looking individual mooches through the crowd bearing (not, one gathers, as an expression of his sentiments as much as a conventional gesture for form's sake) a sign that says "GO HOME YANK."

Mr. Sellers, besides making a regal if somewhat zany grand duchess and sly prime minister, is droll as the potato-faced grand marshal. (Most of the inhabitants of Grand Fenwick, it seems, share a common ancestor, an Englishman who founded the place in the fifteenth century and who bequeathed his native tongue and his irregular physiognomy to his descendants.)

NOW THAT VICTORY is won, the picture traces the efforts of Grand Fenwick to repudiate it, while the frantic emissaries of the erstwhile great powers try to worm themselves into the newly omnipotent duchy's good graces. The film concludes more or less happily, with the Fenwickians retaining custody of the bomb as a safeguard against future war, while the State Department, having finally persuaded the little nation to accept *its* surrender, promises to "see what can be done" about complying with the duchy's demand for a million dollars in reparations. (The obstacle here is that the United States is simply not equipped to dole out money on such a small scale.) As the American emissary leaves Grand Fenwick, he is coyly reminded by the grand duchess to "Give my love to your President—and *Mrs.* Coolidge, too."

Parts of *The Mouse That Roared* will undoubtedly seem a bit too coy to suit some tastes. Considerable footage is devoted to fooling around with animation, mock-documentary narration, captions, subtitles, and rather parochial sight gags, some of them not very funny. But there are any number of genuinely comic passages along the way, ranging from brief touches of extreme subtlety to elaborate bouts of out-and-out slapstick, and the director, Jack Arnold, has managed to invest the whole affair with a sort of *Alice-in-Wonderland*-as-Herblock-might-illustrate-it atmosphere.

BOOKS

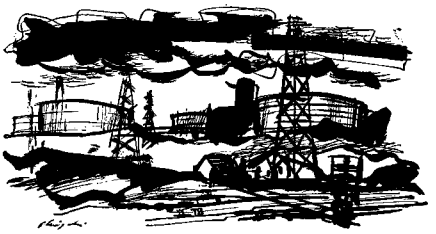
Who Will Manage the Managers?

DANIEL BELL

THE FICTIONS OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM: POWER WITHOUT PROPERTY, by A. A. Berle, Jr. *Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.*

"Modern capitalism," wrote John Maynard Keynes in an early work, "is absolutely irreligious, without internal union, without much public spirit, often, though not always, a mere congeries of possessors and pursuers." In contrast, one might say today that capitalism is formally pious, heavily bureaucratized, and pursued not by Keynes's "hoarders and snatchers" but by critics and overseers, in government and out.

The changes, largely within the last thirty years, are well known—but curiously still denied in ideology and in law. The problem of ideology is a simple one. The doctrinaire Left, if it admitted the transforma-



tion, would find the edge of its criticisms blunted; while the large corporations, who one might expect would seek to be free of the old myths, cling to the symbols of private property and free enterprise in order to be able to invoke traditional values in their behalf. But other than public-relations counselors and Trotskyites, few people take the ideology seriously.

The question of law is more serious, for law is the statement of the basic rules of a society and the ultimate sanction of power. Law, seeking to hold change in check or to adapt change to enduring institutions, does so usually through fictions. The chief fictions have always been about property; for property and marriage—the latter as the means of legally transmitting property through inheritance—are the two institutions that historically have provided the stability of western society. In Roman law, for example, where land was inalienable, the father of a family, all-powerful in all other respects, could not sell his property because it did not belong to him but to his heirs; and when an heir came into possession, title pased to *his* heirs. By this theory, land was entailed in western law for more than a thousand years. The most familiar fiction in American law was the ruling of the Supreme Court, in 1886, that the corporation was a "person" and therefore entitled to protection under the due-process clause of the Constitution. (In Morocco today, where Koranic injunctions against usury forbid individuals to take interest from others, it has been held that the corporation is *not* a person, and is therefore entitled to make a profit.)

WHILE LEGAL FICTIONS may be necessary, too often they become social fictions that obscure rather than aid change. Thus, ritualistic conservatives today still invoke what Thurman Arnold twenty years ago called the "mythology of private property in an age of organization." A generation of scholars—Arnold himself, Walton Hamilton, and, most notably, A. A. Berle, Jr.—have sought to exorcise this myth within legal theory. In *Power Without Property* Mr. Berle returns to the task he began twenty-seven years ago with Gardner C. Means in their classic *The Modern Corporation and Private Property.*

In the earlier study Berle summarized a host of evidence to demonstrate that ownership—that is, legal title—was no longer the decisive lever in corporate power but that managerial control was subject to manipulation by small stockholding groups, or even by the managerial bureaucracy itself. His point was that legal theory and the courts

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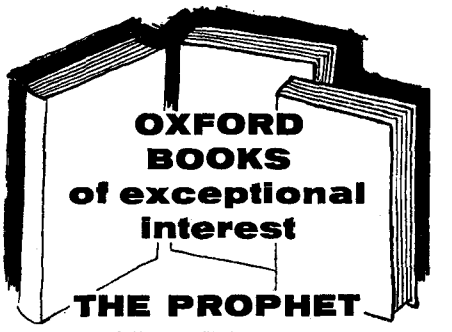
had few rules to guide them in situations where controlling individuals had no titular place in the corporate scheme. In his new book, Berle takes up two problems that the earlier study could not envisage. One is the extraordinary fact that just as control had become separated from ownership by the rise of a managerial group, so now "owners" are becoming separated from the rights of stockholding by the rise of new groups—pension trusts, mutual investment funds, and life-insurance groups—which take over the legal right to vote for and choose management. And since most of these agencies tend to buy stock in the five hundred large corporations that "own" two-thirds of American industry, the status of the individual "owner" is even further reduced.

In effect, ownership as a legal fact is now becoming bureaucratized, just as management had become bureaucratized a generation ago. The consequences of this change—aside from shattering another fiction—are still unclear. The New Deal's Banking Act of 1933 had sought to reduce the absentee financial control of corporations by separating the banking (credit) from the investment (underwriting) function; banks could no longer lend money to investment-house counterparts to back the issuance of new stock. Now the banks, acting as trustees for funds, are back in the picture. So far the banks and the managers of mutual and pension funds have not made much use of their power to challenge entrenched management. Seeking earnings rather than power, they tend to dispose of their stock in a mismanaged company instead of fighting for control. Yet this is not always the case. Only the other day, the government filed suit against various banks for allegedly interfering with the operations of drug companies.

The problem of the formation of capital is even more crucial than that of ownership. In any society, control over the "economic surplus" represents a primary source of power. In the United States this control is held by the corporations, not "the market." As Berle points out, sixty per cent of capital raised in nonagricultural industry is generated from within the corporation, through profit and depreciation funds; another twenty per cent is borrowed from banks; fifteen per cent comes from insurance companies and pension funds; and only five per cent comes from individuals who have voluntarily saved and chosen to apply their savings to investment as "equity" capital. This balance of capital formation does greater violence to the theory of free capitalism operating in a free market than administered prices, restriction of output, or any other control devices.

In theory, if one looks at the model of a classic capitalist system, all profits are distributed to the owners, and if an enterprise needs capital for new ventures or expansion it goes to the stock market and sells its securities to those who want to risk their money. In fact, the only significant section of industry that goes into the stock market for capital is the utility companies, whose rates are regulated so as to allow only for a "reasonable return." All other companies retain large earnings, and the decision on reinvestment is in the hands of a few key managers. (In effect, the function of the stock market is not to raise capital but simply to exchange titles of ownership, and to allow corporate managers to realize capital gains by exercising stock options.) This creates an anomaly regarding economic "tax" power. If the government wants to raise taxes for public services, it is subject to all sorts of political pressures; but the large oligopolistic corporations, by their ability to maintain prices and to use retained earnings for their own investment purposes, have themselves a vast, private tax power that is rarely challenged. (The most revolutionary act, perhaps, of the New Deal was the short-lived "undistributed profits" tax, which sought to force the corporations to move their earnings.) In reality, the capital system, like the price system, is an administered system.

All of this raises the central question of "legitimacy." Who gives the manager his mandate? He is in effect, as Mr. Berle puts it, a nonstatist civil servant. But from where does he draw his authority? Some managers—and this is a rationale



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that has been advanced by American Telephone and Telegraph—say they no longer represent the "owners," but are merely "trustees" for the four groups that make up the "community" of the corporation: the suppliers who seek a fair profit, the worker who wants a fair wage, the shareholder who wants a fair return on his capital, and the customer who wants a fair price. The trustee "adjudicates" the conflicting claims of these groups. But what are the definitions of equity? And who checks the trustees? Mr. Berle's answer is the "public consensus." Though "it is indefinite, almost completely unorganized, and without traceable form, [it is] nonetheless a hard-core fact." If a corporation *performs* well, the "public consensus" will accept the legitimacy of management's power.

The standard is vague, and Berle is dissatisfied with his own answer. For performance implies not just the spectacular productivity of one particular industry but a steady growth in the economy as a whole, full employment for the available labor force, and opportunity for each individual to realize his talents —and this the corporation alone cannot provide. In conclusion, therefore, Mr. Berle argues the need for national economic planning. It is a brave conclusion at a time when the word "planning" is unpopular; yet, as Mr. Berle points out, large areas of the society today are subject to government regulation or control: money supply and interest rates, housing construction, oil production, air routes, communication frequencies, scientific research, etc. But what is needed, he argues, is a greater degree of co-ordination, and a more precise definition of economic goals and how to attain them.

Admitting, therefore, the considerable achievements of the corporation, Berle concludes that the "economic republic" as it now stands does not wholly meet certain imperative social demands and must be incorporated into a larger polity. Starting out from the legal fictions of property, Berle reaches a broad area of political agreement with those who insist that a corporation-dominated economy, by its control of the investment process, threatens to create serious imbalances in the society as a whole.

It's in the Marrow

ROBERT SHAPLEN

THE WAR LOVER, by John Hersey. *Knopf. $5.00.*

The literature of the Second World War, fiction and nonfiction, pours out apace. After fifteen years, the histories and memoirs, military and political, still dissect every last bit of evidence and argue, pro and con, the significance of what was done or not done, or the strengths and weaknesses of individuals. As for the novels, to a greater degree than those which followed quickly on the heels of the first war, they are less individualistic and essentially documentary —though there are, of course, exceptions. Much of this fiction, including the best, represents an effort to interpret what took place during action, under the constant imminent or actual threat of death, in terms of the emptinesses or shortcomings of peacetime life, and to gauge the impact this had on the men who went to war.

John Hersey's new novel, comparable in scope and ambition to *The Wall*, which has rightfully been considered his best, concerns itself with what goes on at an American bomber base in England, and in the air in a B-17 Flying Fortress. Hersey's flashbacks, interlarded with sections that are a play-by-play account of a climactic raid over Schweinfurt, deal chronologically with "the tour" of the crew of one of the bombers, beginning with its arrival at the base and continuing through the big raid, which is to be the next to last one the men must make. At the same time, without going back to their American experience in any great detail, Hersey offers up his characters as considerably more than just airmen at work.

His most important figure, his "war lover," is a big, boastful pilot named Marrow, who, unsuccessful and even unwanted in private life, quickly sees his opportunities and personal salvation in war. The one thing he can do superbly is fly, and the two things he is in love with are himself and his plane, aptly named "The Body," which becomes the symbol of his own self-abuse and his will to destroy. This ultimately brings him to the point where he is in love with death, but not easefully. Through the eyes of Marrow's co-pilot, Boman, observing the collapse of Marrow, Hersey has written what is close to being a pacifist novel.

Let it be said at once that Hersey's most vital gift for literary re-creation of historic events, as so poignantly demonstrated in his story of the Warsaw ghetto, is again notable here in his vastly detailed and generally moving depiction of the British airbase and the mixture of men who fly in and out of it. Even more convincing, despite the difficult switching back and forth chronologically, is his technical skill in writing about flying a B-17. He is able throughout to identify men with their machines, to infuse highly technical passages with the emotional tensions of the crew, portraying its members' strengths and failures, fear and bravery in the specific handling of instruments and tasks. Some of the best passages about flying are to be compared with Saint-Exupéry's. Where Hersey is less successful is in his search for larger meanings.

MARROW's gradual collapse as a "war lover" and as a man is Hersey's plot, counterpointed by Boman's awakening not only to Marrow but to his own shortcomings. The trouble is, I'm afraid, that Boman, who is a little man physically, is not of sufficient dimensions emotionally or morally either. He seems confused and uncertain all the way through and Hersey never convinces us, for example, why Boman ever looked upon the foul-mouthed, overdrawn Marrow as his best friend—presumably it was because of Marrow's technical skill in the air and, as Marrow claimed, on a mattress. Boman also seems uncertain whether he admires or hates another pilot, a mocking, poetic oddball named Kid Lynch, who gets killed midway through the tour.

Boman makes an important decision at the end, which brings him more to life and provides an exciting

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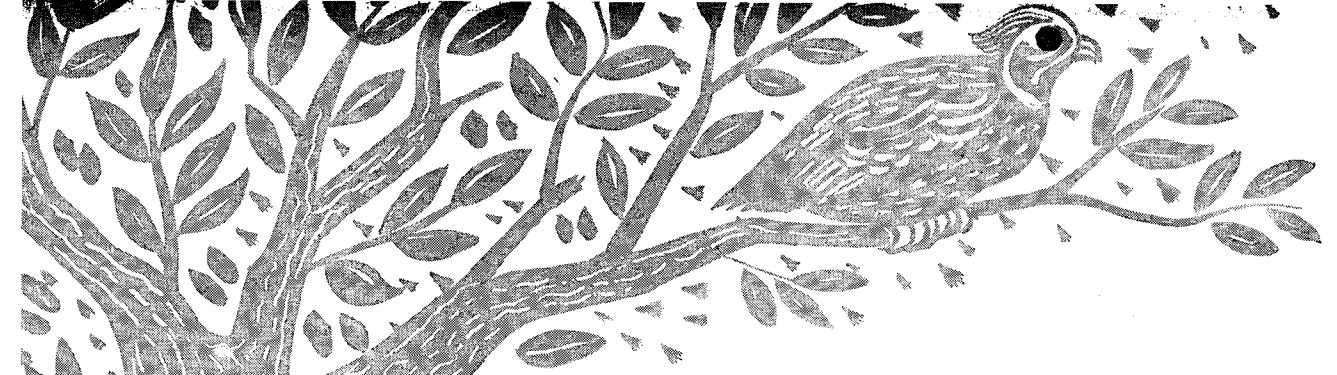

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climax, the force of which is not lessened, somehow, by the fact that Hersey has let us know almost at the outset that Marrow (the symbolism of the name may have been intentional) will wither away and Boman rise. Boman has decided that he cannot remain the fuzzy-minded aerial orderly he was pretending to be, making his "unauthorized separate peace with the enemy," or the incomplete lover of his girl either. He does not reject his principles against killing—Marrow's love of it now fully repulses him—but he accepts his responsibilities, to himself and to the rest of the crew. Dramatically and openly, Boman does what he has done quietly before—take over from Marrow in a crisis and save the plane. As a result of the first episode, Marrow has been awarded a D.F.C., which he blubberingly tells Boman's girl, while making a futile pass at her, really belongs to Boman. After the final episode, with "The Body" coming apart, like Marrow, in the English Channel, there is no doubt that Boman is an acknowledged hero, and willing to be one too, aware that "life on earth contained possibilities of heights I'd never imagined, and that my thrill in climbing the sky had been flight, in the sense of escape, from the real life on earth that I had not been ready to live."

THE START of Boman's reawakening coincides with the start of Marrow's collapse, and it is at that point, as Boman says, that "the curves of my destiny and Marrow's might be said to have crossed." At the end, after his hero's role, though Hersey doesn't spell it out, Boman presumably will ask his girl, Daphne, to marry him, and right that wrong too. As Boman has told himself earlier, wonderful as she is both in and out of bed, "she was not so much part of my real life as part of what I had just characterized as 'all that' "—the unreal climate of war. What has changed not only his mind but his entire outlook is Daphne's having, in her woman's way, shown him what Marrow really is. The trouble with Daphne, though, is that she is rather gimmicky and never altogether real. She is presented as an extraordinarily bright and lovely girl, as well as sexy, who has had her share of affairs during the war, mostly with pilots, including an earlier one very much like Marrow. Toward the end, figuring she has no future with Boman, she stands him up one weekend and goes "looking" for her next candidate. If Marrow is a "war lover," Daphne seems too much of a husband hunter, realizing, like him, that she'll never have it so good again.

Hersey's novel certainly deserves to be widely read—it is a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection—and will undoubtedly make a good film. Beyond its technical skill, it represents a noble effort to come to grips with an important theme: that this last big war, much more than the first, was a tremendously exciting adventure, and therefore one that has left a dangerous hangover for those like Marrow "who enjoy it too much." For far too many Marrows, whose dimensions grow bigger in war, ordinary peacetime life, its challenges and conflicts, offers only frustration and failure.

The Hesitant Firebrand

THEODORE DRAPER

THE PROPHET UNARMED, by Isaac Deutscher. *Oxford University Press. $9.50.*

The second volume of Isaac Deutscher's biography of Leon Trotsky is a worthy successor to the first, *The Prophet Armed,* and that comes as good news to everyone who is interested in the man Trotsky, in his implacable enemy Stalin, in the Russian Revolution, and in the nature of revolutions in general. Deutscher chose to call this volume *The Prophet Unarmed* in order to parallel a dictum of Machiavelli that "all armed prophets have conquered, and the unarmed ones have been destroyed." He might even more aptly have called it *The Prophet Disarmed,* because he starts the story in 1921, when Trotsky was still at the height of his power and glory, and ends it in 1929, with Trotsky en route to Constantinople, a man without a country. The third volume is to be called *The Prophet Outcast,* covering Trotsky's last twelve years in exile, throughout which he was totally unarmed save for his deadly voice and pen.

This three-volume biography of Trotsky is but part of an even more ambitious historical enterprise, sure to be one of the most notable of our time. Deutscher has already produced a large study of Stalin, and he promises to follow his work on Trotsky with a life of Lenin. We must count ourselves fortunate that a writer of such fortitude, sensitivity, and literary skill has undertaken this huge task.

The decline and fall of Leon Trotsky cannot be easily accounted for, even at this late date. Until 1917, he was a very talented revolutionary journalist and orator, but no one could have seen in him the creator of the victorious Red Army. From the spring of 1917 to the end of 1921, his star ascended and, with Lenin, he personified the dream of generations of revolutionaries come true.

Then something went wrong. He seemed to have lost his command of popular feeling and his mastery over events. Once he lost the initiative to the ruling triumvirate of Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Stalin, then to the duumvirate of Bukharin and Stalin, and finally to Stalin alone, he could never recover it. He went from one defeat, humiliation, and illusion to another.

Thus Deutscher's story in this volume is one of almost unrelieved pathos and tragedy. The worst of it was not just that these men who came to regenerate Russia and the world were destroyed but that they were so largely self-destroyed. Trotsky was not the only one: Zinoviev and Bukharin dug their own graves for Stalin in far more miserable fashion; and whereas Trotsky demonstrated the utmost courage of his convictions and tenacity of will in defeat, Zinoviev and Kamenev committed moral suicide as they went to their physical annihilation.

Trotsky's downfall was a strange mixture of titanic struggle and enigmatic passivity. Time and again, he remained silent when he should have

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spoken, and he spoke after it was too late. At the very outset of his opposition to Stalin's control of the Bolshevik Party, he had in his possession the still secret "testament," or rather testaments, given him by the dying Lenin to bar Stalin's path to the succession. At this moment, in March, 1923, "Trotsky was confident that the triumvirate was ruined and Stalin beaten," Deutscher writes. "He was the victor and could dictate his terms."

BUT Trotsky won nothing and dictated nothing. At the party congress the next month, he joined the *triumvirs in suppressing Lenin's* scathing criticisms of Stalin and ignored Lenin's injunction against trusting in any "rotten compromise" with Stalin. When he chose to make a fight the following year, it was over a historical issue. He tied himself up in such knots in the handling of Lenin's "testament" that its first publication in an abbreviated version by Max Eastman in 1925 was repudiated by him, and the great bombshell exploded harmlessly.

He was immobilized again at another party congress at the end of 1925 in what Deutscher calls "one of the strangest moments in Trotsky's political life." The split between Stalin and Bukharin on the one hand and Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, on the other, had finally erupted. Zinoviev invoked Lenin's wishes; Kamenev warned against autocratic rule; Krupskaya protested that Trotsky had been slandered and persecuted. But Trotsky himself, during fourteen days of incessant and impassioned oratory, remained seated, utterly silent. When he made common cause with Zinoviev and Kamenev the following year, Stalin's machine had already deprived them and their followers of their key positions in the party.

There was also a pattern in Trotsky's repeated miscalculations in the inner-party struggle. In the days of the triumvirate, he regarded Zinoviev as a far more reprehensible enemy than Stalin. The clash between Zinoviev and Stalin caught him by surprise. Later he similarly misjudged Bukharin's potential for evil. The Trotskyist slogan was: "With Stalin against Bukharin?—Yes. With Bukharin against Stalin?—Never!" Again he failed to anticipate Stalin's easy victory or to find a way of uniting Stalin's enemies before it was too late.

At these crucial moments and at many others, Trotsky was imprisoned in a dilemma from which he could never escape. When a relatively young man, he had seen clearly that Lenin's conception of a monolithic and monopolistic revolutionary party would end in the tyranny of a dictator. For years he represented the critical revolutionary intelligence, feared by all groups and at home in none. After escaping from his isolation by joining the Bolshevik Party and sharing in its success, he stifled his earlier insight and sought to live down his old heresies. As the struggle against Stalin unfolded, he was forever going too far and not far enough—too far to fight within the framework of Bolshevism and not far enough to fight outside.

DEUTSCHER has reconstructed the story of Trotsky's last eight years in Soviet Russia with the sympathetic brilliance of an admirer and the critical objectivity of a scholar. The Trotsky archives at Harvard have enabled him to cast much new light on turning points in early Soviet history. Only one historical slip, affecting several pages, came to my attention: the united front was not voted at the Third Congress of the Communist International in July, 1921, but was promulgated by the Executive Committee at the end of 1921 between the Third and Fourth Congresses. Rarely does Deutscher permit his enthusiasm to run away with him, as he does by citing the passage in *Literature and Revolution* containing the prophecy that "The average man will rise to the stature of Aristotle, Goethe, Marx," as an example of Trotsky's "realistic" eye as well as his "flaming imagination."

In the last ten pages, however, Deutscher goes beyond the confines of this volume and sums up his view of Trotsky and Stalin. For the reader the poignancy of Trotsky's dilemma is made all the sharper by virtue of the fact that his biographer shares a similar problem, brought up to date.

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ing to Deutscher, Trotsky did not really lose his battle with Stalin. Trotsky was the "authentic inspirer and prompter" of the Soviet industrial revolution in the 1930's of which Stalin was the "practical manager." Thus Trotsky snatched "victory in defeat." Deutscher maintains that Stalin, instead of moving toward a restoration of capitalism in Russia, as Trotsky expected, established the "prerequisites" of socialism by moving toward "planned economy, industrial expansion and mass education."

In the end, then, Deutscher implicitly raises a curious question: Would Trotsky have fought Stalin so long and so hard if he had agreed with his biographer on the historic significance of Stalinism? For Trotsky was not a squeamish man, and he would have forgiven much in Stalin's methods if he had been able to convince himself that they would lead willy-nilly to the promised land of freedom, justice, and equality. He staked his most mature judgment and even his life on the premise that Stalinism could not lead to socialism, and just as his biography reaches the stage of irreconcilable combat with Stalin, his biographer cuts the ground from under the premise that gave meaning to the last fifteen years of his life.

BOTH Trotsky and Deutscher could be wrong. Maybe Stalin's Russia was not going back to capitalism or forward to socialism. Are these the only alternatives? It may rather have been moving toward a system different from both, yet containing elements of both, which threatens freedom in the world precisely because its industrialization has made it all the more powerful. Once democracy is omitted from the "prerequisites" of socialism, they may very well become the requisites of the modern industrialized tyranny. If Deutscher is right, Trotsky's "success" would trouble me more than his failure.

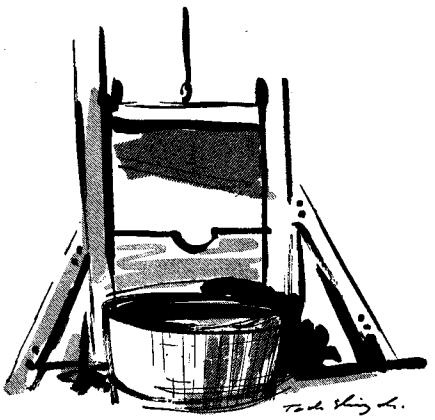
Debatable as some of Deutscher's last propositions may be, the book as a whole represents him at his best, and few living political writers can equal that. His work will be read as long as men can be moved and perplexed by the story of Leon Trotsky.

Off to Do Chop Chop

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

INVITATION TO A BEHEADING, by Vladimir Nabokov. Translated from the Russian by Dmitri Nabokov in collaboration with the author. *Putnam. $3.95.*

This is an early book written in Russian, published in Paris twenty-five years ago, and now, no doubt thanks to that miserable child Lolita, translated by the author and his son Dmitri. It presents a fortress and a prisoner within. The fortress stands on a hill above a town. The town maintains an ancient airplane, used occasionally to give a ride to cripples, as a relic of the past. The town is peopled by men and women who are "transparent"—not in any ghostly sense; the adjective indicates only that everyone can see what everyone else is thinking. It follows



obviously that the great crime against community and state is to be "opaque": i.e., to love, to be jealous, or to suffer privately and unseen by others—to be oneself. From childhood, Cincinnatus had tried to be like his fellow citizens. "Cincinnatus, who seemed pitch-black to them [the informers who had secured his conviction], as though he had been cut out of a cord-size block of night, opaque Cincinnatus would turn this way and that, trying to catch the rays, trying with desperate haste to stand in such a way as to seem translucent." To no avail; he is doomed.

LET US LEAVE HIM for a moment imprisoned in his fortress while the warden brings in moths and butterflies to feed the black spider that moves up and down his web in the corner, and while Cincinnatus, in his anguish and fear, thinks of "Tamara Gardens, where for no reason the willows weep into three brooks, and the brooks, in three cascades, each with its own small rainbow, tumble into the lake, where a swan floats arm in arm with its reflection." Let us leave him so that the author may defend himself. Aware that the improbable circumstances of this crime and punishment in a future state of society might lead the reader to think of Kafka or Orwell or an anti-Communist tract, Mr. Nabokov writes in his foreword that in 1938 "I had no German, was completely ignorant of modern German literature, and had not yet read any French or English translations of Kafka's works. . . . Spiritual affinities have no place in my concept of literary criticism, but if I did have to choose a kindred soul, it would certainly be that great artist rather than G. H. Orwell or other popular purveyors of illustrated ideas and publicistic fiction." And on the preceding page: "I composed the Russian original . . . in Berlin, some fifteen years after escaping from the Bolshevist régime, and just before the Nazi régime reached its full volume of welcome. The question of whether or not my seeing both in terms of one dull beastly farce had any effect on this book should concern the good reader as little as it does me."

WHILE THIS ASIDE on literary influence and political intent has been taken care of, the plight of Cincinnatus—the name of the Roman consul connotes simplicity and fortitude—has grown steadily worse. All the traditional torments of prisoners-in-fortresses are presented in parody. Day after day with growing expectancy Cincinnatus hears the tap-tap of someone digging a tunnel toward his cell: the wall is pierced, and in tumble the director of the fortress and mysterious M'sieur Pierre, helpless with laughter. A

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child of twelve—the author states in his foreword that "the evil-minded will perceive in little Emmie a sister of little Lolita . . ."—abandoning her plan to free the prisoner, leads him instead right to the director's dinner table. He receives his unfaithful wife and his unmarried mother in traditional last visits: his mother brings him candy, but in her gaze just before she left, "Cincinnatus suddenly saw that ultimate, secure, all-explaining and from-all-protecting spark that he knew how to discern in himself also. . . . the spark proclaimed such a tumult of truth that Cincinnatus's soul could not help leaping for joy. The instant flashed and was gone." His wife gives herself to the director. Then M'sieur Pierre, his fellow prisoner and executioner, comes in one afternoon: "Attractively rouged M'sieur Pierre bowed, bringing together his patent-leathered boot tops, and said in a comic falsetto:

" 'The carriage is waiting, if you please, sir.'

" 'Where are we going?' asked Cincinnatus, genuinely not understanding at first, so convinced had he been that it must happen at dawn.

" 'Where, where . . . ,' M'sieur Pierre mimicked him. 'You know where. Off to do chop-chop.' "

THERE IS a necessary division of labor among Russian exiles: some must grind out the marathon of polemics; some are destined to drive taxis or stand as doormen in front of luxury hotels; a few are charged with more sensitive missions. That of Vladimir Nabokov has been to carry with him abroad and never to relinquish the memory of the Russian soil, the birches, poplars, tall grass, and translucent streams, and to see his native land and people in what already for him was the reflected light, the afterglow of the nineteenth century. Even in *Lolita,* Humbert Humbert's incredible difficulties in making his rival stay dead recall the end of the indestructible Rasputin. In *Conclusive Evidence* and *Pnin* Nabokov was remembering the past in various degrees of serenity; in this earlier *Invitation to a Beheading* he was remembering under the pressures of closer trials, closer disgusts.

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This is Elena, Italian, age 3½. Her father is dead. Her mother, ill and worn cannot find work. With her own tired hands and with old pieces of wood and tin, she put together a pitiful shack. You can imagine how bitter cold it is in winter. Last year, Elena, trying to warm herself at their brazier went too close and fell in, painfully carbonizing her little left hand. Her mother writes: "She cried so very much that I promised myself that for the coming year my child would have warm clothes and a doll. Where can I find such things for my little one? How can I protect her and help her? Won't you help little Elena or a child like her? Your help today means their hope for tomorrow."

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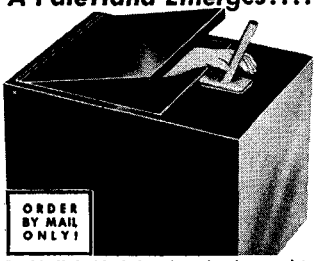
S-l-o-w-l-y A Pale Hand Emerges...!



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see *page 41*

BOOK NOTES

LYRICS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, by Ira Gershwin. *Knopf. $5.*

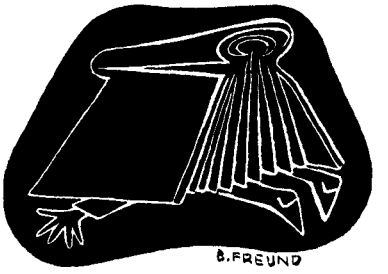
An informal and novel excursion into reminiscence by the first lyricist to have been awarded a Pulitzer Prize. Along with the words of such well-known perennials as "The Man I Love" and "It Ain't Necessarily So," Mr. Gershwin provides the music of memory: the circumstances under which these songs were composed, and for whom, and for which productions. He emerges as disarmingly modest ("any resemblance to actual poetry, living or dead, is highly improbable"), offhandedly amusing (from a scholarly source he is pleased and startled to discover that he "apocopates"), and possessed of a quick and interesting mind. His casual and loosely organized memoir provides a relaxed history of the American musical stage during one of its most creative periods.

THE DESPERATE PEOPLE, by Farley Mowat. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.50.*

A bitter and withal beautiful description of the Eskimos, who "have always called themselves Innuit, which is to say The People," and of what happens when the white world impinges on them and on their harsh and hostile home, a place of "abysmal loneliness." The first European explorers invaded the northland early in the seventeenth century, but it was not really until the twentieth that the cumulative devastating effects of white man's law and white man's disease wrought their full havoc upon the clan of the Ihalmuit, of whom out of an original several thousand only threescore remain. In giving concrete examples of how futile and misguided white administration has been, Mr. Mowat ascribes guilt to avaricious traders, unrealistic missionaries, and careless governors. In fascinating detail he outlines changes in community status and structure; he shows the sense of futility in people who, expecting nothing, in the face of malnutrition, illiteracy, and relocation say "*ayoranamut*"—"it could not be helped"; he points to the insane logic of our world which sends not food and not clothing but the whole apparatus of western law in all its trappings to try a native who under Eskimo custom has committed no crime, and who never for a moment understands what goes on in the courtroom. During one of their worst periods, as an almost final ironic indignity, these survivors of the Stone Age are photographed by a clutch of *Life* photographers, who begin rearranging their tents in order that they will look well to the camera. Fortunately, human endurance and belatedly intelligent administration combine to make the lot of the remaining Ihalmuit momentarily better. Certainly gone forever is the stereotype of "the happy skin-clad little fellow, living in a white and shining igloo, carefree and contented; not a human perhaps, but lovable for all of that. . . ."

THE CAT AND THE MICE, by Leonard Mosley. *Harper. $3.50.*

Mr. Mosley, a British journalist with no discernible inclination toward understatement, has made full use of all the stock elements of cloak-and-dagger fiction (of which, in this case, there seems to have been no paucity in actual fact) in piecing together the story of John Eppler (or Hussein Gâafer), a young Egyptian of German parentage who very nearly changed the course of events in North Africa during the Second World War. As Rommel's principal intelligence agent, Eppler, who appears to have had quite a way with the ladies, spent a couple of months in Cairo mixing business with pleasure until, by an extraordinary piece of luck, one of his girl friends turned up with the complete plan for the proposed British stand at Alamein. At this point, Eppler's luck ran out. The radio station to which he



was frantically attempting to relay his incredible windfall was inoperative, and while he sweated out its return to the air—a matter of hours—British counter-intelligence agents tracked him to his Nile houseboat. The author makes up in enthusiasm for what he lacks in style, and for lagniappe he tosses in the somewhat irrelevant story of a poisoned tart (with whom Eppler had made a date for the night of her death), his own animadversions on American intelligence operations, a gallery of rather disillusioning photographs, and a dithyramb on the art of the belly dance.

JEWS IN SUBURBIA, by Albert I. Gordon. *Beacon Press. $3.50.*

The language of sociology is unlovely at best, and the only valid reason for using it is to make one's meaning precise. Rabbi Gordon adopts the sociologist's terminology without achieving this purpose. His jargon would be dis-

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concerting by itself but it is also undermined by sermonic hyperbole, euphemism (old people are "golden-agers"), and what is probably the strangest use of quotation marks since Great-Aunt Sally's last letter. Housing in the suburbs is said to be "unavailable" to Negroes, by which Rabbi Gordon appears to mean unavailable. However, "belongingness" deserves its quotes. Amid this hodgepodge of sociology and folksiness complete with the paraphernalia of a scholarly study ("Man does not live by bread alone" turns up with a thoughtful footnote indicating that it originates in Deuteronomy 8:3), what can be said of the substance of the author's remarks and observations? Unfortunately, here too the book is both unsatisfactory and misleading. Rabbi Gordon has undertaken to analyze the significance of the mass exodus of Jews to the suburbs in the past fourteen years, selecting as case studies Newton, Massachusetts; Levittown, New York; Euclid, Ohio; Bethesda, Chevy Chase, and Silver Spring, Maryland; Skokie, Illinois; St. Louis Park, Minnesota; and San Gabriel, California. Within these communities he has taken up such matters as education, synagogue affairs, assimilation, and tension with the neighbors. In analyzing the reasons for the movement to the suburbs, however, he neglects to compare or contrast the motivation of the Jew with that of the non-Jew, presenting instead a good deal of fairly familiar and general material. Rabbi Gordon adduces as a prime cause of the movement to the suburbs the inroads that Negroes and other nonwhites have made in our big cities. This moving away of Jews from newcomers with different habits and traditions, he says, is understandable if not logical. On the other hand, he finds it difficult to understand the same position when it is taken by non-Jews already resident in the suburbs into which the Jews are moving. His statistics on the influx of Negroes into the cities include some dazzling figures: e.g., the Negro population of the five boroughs of New York increased 41.3 per cent in a seven-year period preceding 1957, while the white population decreased 51.9 per cent. The trouble here is that the decrease of the white population given in the study was not 51.9 but 5.9 per cent. If the scholarly apparatus thus breaks down, we are left with only the sermon.

ODD WORLD: A PHOTO REPORTER'S STORY, by John Phillips, from which a chapter, "Algeria in the Good Old Days," appeared in the September 17 *Reporter*, has now been published by Simon and Schuster (*$4.50*).

The Real Life of Sebastian Knight

by VLADIMIR NABOKOV

author of "LOLITA"

". . . I guess it is apparent that he (Nabokov) was bound to write **Lolita.** If you ask one reader, or even if you do not, **The Real Life of Sebastian Knight** is the finer book."—John K. Hutchens, **N. Y. Herald Tribune**

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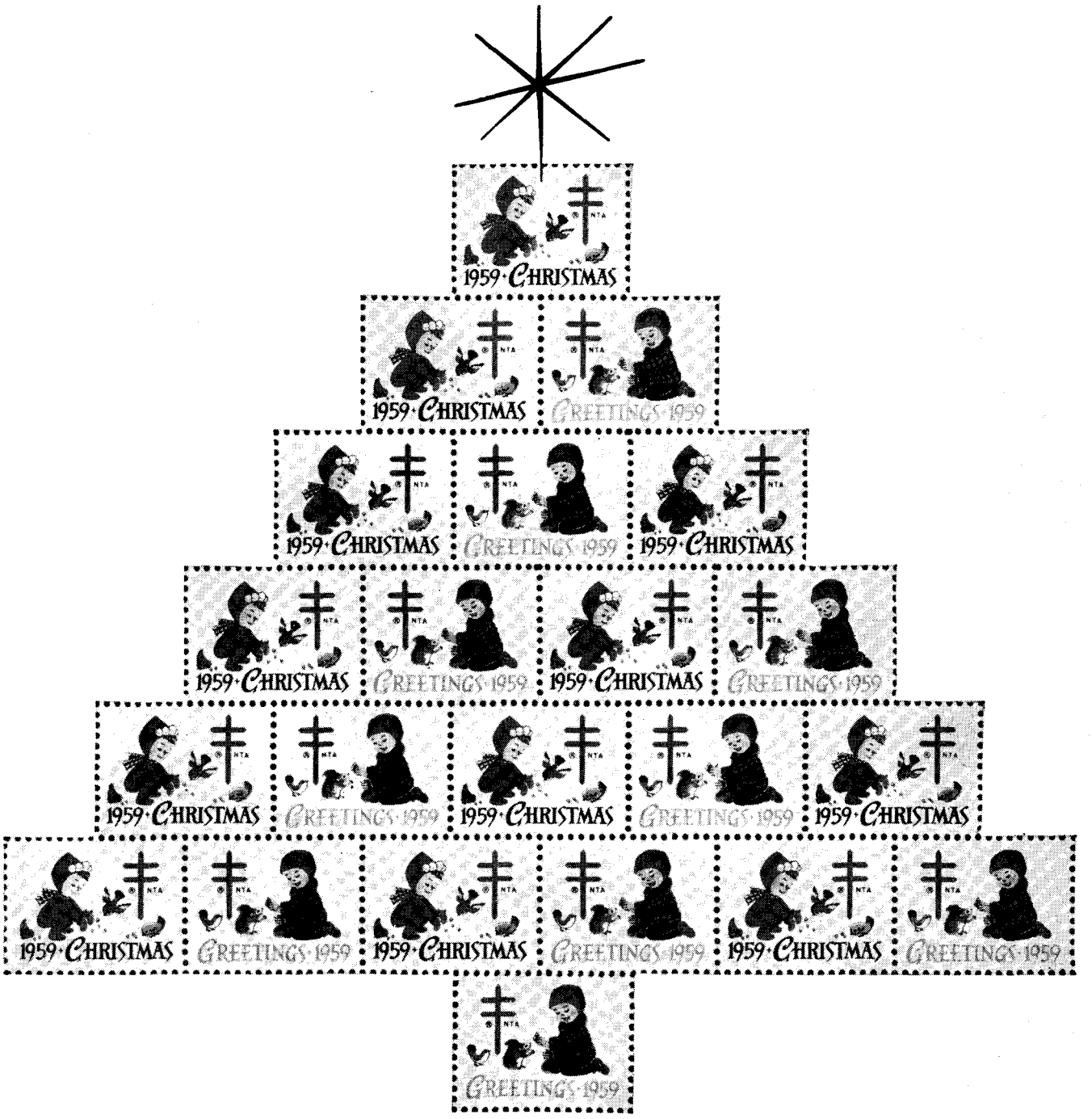

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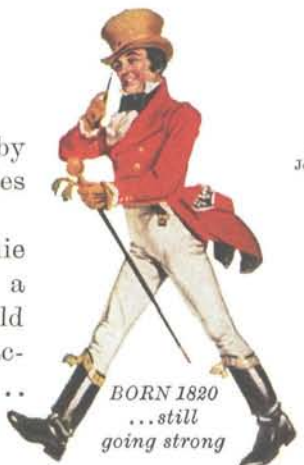
FROM THE JOHNNIE WALKER COLLECTION

"Trophy" by ROBERT RIGGS

Illustrator... Lithographer

A man can live a safari all over again, surrounded by trophies of the hunt. Robert Riggs stirs such memories to life in this vivid painting.

Here another trophy takes its rightful place. Johnnie Walker Black Label stands for the successful end to a hunt which has taken men to every corner of the world ... the quest for Scotch whisky of rare and royal character. To relive great moments ... to live new moments ... Black Label becomes your trophy of trophies.



By appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen
Scotch Whisky Distillers
John Walker & Sons Limited

Blended Scotch Whisky... 86.8 Proof. Imported by Paulista Dey Corporation, New York, N.Y.

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